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THE MOST REVEREND JOHN HUGHES, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK.

No individual, perhaps, in this country, in office or out of it, wields a larger influence over a greater number of minds than the Most Rev. John Hughes, D.D., Archbishop of New York. Occupying the most eminent position in his Church in this land, he possesses those abilities which enable him to fill it most effectively. In his own diocese he has reduced discordant elements to at least a passive harmony, and enjoys an undisputed supremacy, derived as much, perhaps, from his intellectual as official eminence, which awes into silence any serious opposition. He is indisputably equal to the exercise of the vast power which is lodged in his hands, and he wields it, however imperiously, in loyal subservience to what he regards as the interest of his Church.

Archbishop Hughes bears the reputation of a self-made man, and he certainly exhibits many of those qualities which are regarded as the result of early self-reliance. He was born in the north of Ireland, in 1798. His family was respectable, but by no means wealthy. In 1817 he came to this country, and, according to an apocryphal story, was engaged for a while in the humble position of a gardener. This story, if we recollect right, has been contradicted by the Archbishop himself, although he would have nothing to be ashamed of in the fact that his abilities might have elevated him from so humble a position to the one which he now occupies. The young Irishman at least gave evidence of talent, and was encouraged to pursue his studies preparatory to the priesthood. His course of education was pursued at the College of Mount St. Mary, Emmetsburg, Maryland. In 1825 he completed his studies and received ordination. Shortly after this, he was appointed to the charge of a church in Philadelphia. Here he soon succeeded in establishing a high reputation for eloquence and ability. But it was not only in the pulpit that he attained eminence. His administrative tact and skill were likewise exercised so as to secure commendation. In a very few years he was regarded as the foremost champion of the Roman Catholic Church, at least in that State, and as such (1830) accepted the challenge to a public discussion with the late Rev. Dr. John Breckenridge, then in the strength and vigor of his powers. The two disputants, in point of ability, were not unequally matched, and probably neither left the arena with the consciousness of having been vanquished. The discussion was a prolonged one. It was first carried on in the newspapers, and the articles were afterward collected in a volume, which had for a time quite an extensive circulation. Some years later (1834) the discussion was renewed, but this time orally, and before a public audience. It speaks well for the sagacity and discretion of the Archbishop, then a common priest, that he came forth from the controversy without having weakened his reputation by false concessions, or compromised his standing by positions inconsistent with the doctrines of his Church.

Such had his reputation become, that in 1838, when the venerable Bishop Dubois had become greatly incapacitated by the infirmities of age, Dr. Hughes was appointed Bishop-administrator of the diocese of New York. The position was a difficult one. The diocese was almost in a state of anarchy. Several of the church edifices were heavily mortgaged, and in danger of being put under the auctioneer's hammer. Discipline was at a low ebb, and, on the whole, the state of the Church was sadly disheartening to its devoted adherents. But Dr. Hughes set himself to the task before him with characteristic vigor and resolution. He determined to exercise his authority in restoring the discipline and prosperity of the Church. The evils that had resulted from the neglect of his predecessors were energetically assailed, not without stirring up a strenuous opposition. Already, doubtless, he had formed the purpose, which at a later date excited more public attention, and provoked controversy, to secure the property of the Church, by vesting its title in the Bishop of the Diocese. But, in carrying out this purpose, he came in collision with the democratic spirit of the Church, and was bitterly opposed by some laymen, who in various parishes had assumed the control of the revenues as belonging to the congregation. But the tact and authority of the Bishop carried the day, in some instances, we believe, by a sort of compromise, which, without surrendering the Bishop's principle, attained, temporarily at least, the end in view. In a mere politic aspect, the measures of the Bishop were successful. Harmony was restored, discipline was revived, the Episcopal authority was acknowledged, and the outward prosperity of the Church promoted.

In 1840 the controversy on the subject of Common Schools arose. The ill-judged suggestions of Governor Seward brought the subject into the political arena, and Bishop Hughes, in behalf of the Catholics of New York, took the field, demanding that the school funds should be so distributed that the children of his Church might not be under the necessity of attending the Public Schools, which he denominated sectarian and Protestant. Either taxes for education should not be levied at all upon the people, or the funds so raised should be so appropriated that the persons taxed should receive the benefit. The policy which he advocated could result in nothing less than in breaking down the entire school system of the State. The Public Schools of New York were denounced as intensely anti-Catholic, and such as no member of his Church could patronize. He complained, therefore, that the whole Catholic community was compelled to contribute to the support of schools contrary to their faith, and to which they could not send their children. Such were the views which he presented on repeated occasions, in public addresses, in communications to the papers, through his own organ, the *Freeman's Journal*, and before the Common Council. But all his influence could not shake the public confidence in the system of Common Schools. Something, however, was accomplished, as those can testify who have seen the blotted pages and defaced paragraphs of school-books that had been subjected to the Index Expurgatorius of his supervision. For a time the controversy raged fiercely. Bishop Hughes was never wanting in the emergency. As a public champion he might be heard at Carroll Hall and elsewhere, ever ready to defend and vindicate his views, however unpopular, but always sure of masses of his own countrymen at least to cheer him on.

Foiled to a large extent in his efforts, he directed his attention to a system of parochial schools, but we believe with only transient success. The obvious superiority of the Common Schools could not escape the sagacity of the more intelligent Catholics, and, in spite of priestly or Episcopal recommendations, they preferred, and still largely prefer, to patronize the Public Schools. Still we can not but pay tribute to the shrewd penetration and sagacity of the Bishop. He saw very distinctly that if the Roman Catholic Church was to preserve its identity and distinctness in this country, it must be guarded from the contagion of those associations which commingle children representing all creeds at the Public Schools. He saw that the public sentiment of the land, reflected in the text-books and instructions of these schools, was, on the whole, decidedly Protestant, and by no means favorable to that Episcopal or priestly authority in which the harmony and strength of the Church find their support. Hence his effort to divorce the Catholics of his diocese from all connection with them.

In 1850, the efforts of Bishop Hughes, who had already accomplished so much for the benefit of his diocese, and whose labors, if not so effectual here, were better appreciated at Rome, secured their reward. The diocese was made a Metropolitan See, and Dr. Hughes was eleva-

THE MOST REVEREND JOHN HUGHES, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

ted to the Archbishopric by Pope Pius IX. Since his elevation he has showed no abatement of his activity. His influence and authority have been exerted in behalf of the new doctrine of the Romish Church, and he has labored largely to promote the prosperity of the various institutions for education over which he has the official oversight. His controversy with Hon. E. Brooks is so fresh in the memory of our readers, that we only need to advert to it.

One thing is quite characteristic of Archbishop Hughes. We find him ever ready for any emergency. He always has his harness on. There must have been originally a large element of combativeness in his nature. Doubtless he has come legitimately by it from the Welsh progenitors from whom, we believe, he is proud to trace his lineage. The moment that the Church needs a champion, he offers himself. He has the chivalry to be foremost in the conflict, and to scorn proxies. Whether he has few of sufficient ability whom he dares to trust, or whether he imagines that the authority of his position and the force of his logic are necessary to crush opposition, he very rarely, if ever, fights by deputy. Since he has had charge of this diocese, he has not only attended to its religious and secular administration, but he has been almost its sole public advocate. In this character he is best known. When we hear of him, it is almost always in consequence of some assault upon the policy or interest of his Church. Heedless of any fancied dignity of his position which would interfere with the free use of his tongue or pen, he stands forward as the conspicuous mark for whatever arrows or assaults may be lanched against the cause which he defends.

The Archbishop is decidedly a sagacious man. He thoroughly understands human nature, and especially Irish human nature, and knows how to deal with it. He can be a most logical dialectician when it suits him, and he can declaim in the most approved style of rhetorical indignation, whenever that style befits the occasion. He is evidently one of the best men which the Roman Catholic Church could place at her helm.

Much might be said of the public labors of the Archbishop—his pulpit efforts—his lectures—his efforts in the cause of Roman Catholic education in this land. The sum of these is prodigious. He seems endowed with a tireless energy. Nothing escapes his notice, and no possible advantage is allowed to pass unimproved. As a speaker he is always acceptable, and he never wants for an audience when it is known that he is to speak. His style, although not involved, is far removed from that broken and fragmentary structure which belongs to the intense school of orators, and he has the good sense to discard the tawdry rhetoric in which some of his countrymen have attained high repute. His manner is grave and dignified, as beseems his station, although he is not entirely above yielding at times to the temptation of resorting to the lighter weapons of wit or ridicule.

The writings of the Archbishop are mostly of a transient or fragmentary nature. They consist in the main, besides his controversy with Dr. J. Breckenridge, of some eight or ten lectures, delivered on a variety of occasions, and having mostly a bearing on the polity or interests of the Catholic Church. Besides these there is also his argument before the Common Council on the School Question, and possibly some few other things which have escaped our notice. On the whole, he must be accounted, on the ground of native talent, power of speech, administrative ability, industry, sagacity, tact, and energy, a worthy representative of the Roman Catholic Church in this country.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 26, 1858.

BRITISH SENTIMENT ON THE RECENT OUTRAGES.

THE singular unanimity with which the British nation has declined to accept the gauntlet thrown down by the United States Senate, and the willingness of ministers, Parliament, press, and people to make amends for the conduct of the gun-boats on the coast of Cuba, and to prevent a repetition of the offense, indicate a very proper sense of the relations existing between Great Britain and the United States. We are bound to admit that a comparison between the debate in the British Parliament and that in the United States Senate does not tell in favor of the latter. It is, no doubt, easier for the author than for the sufferer of a wrong to be calm and dignified; but, even allowing for this, the distance which divides the two debates is great.

At the same time, it will not do to be precipitate in concluding that the trouble is over and the dispute settled. So far from this being the case, it is evident, from the debate in the House of Lords and the tone of the ministerial press, that the real issue is not yet apprehended in Great Britain. Lord Malmesbury and his friends seem to think that the United States asked nothing save that the visit of vessels under the American flag shall be conducted with caution and forbearance; whereas, in fact, this country wholly and altogether denies the right of Great Britain, or any other foreign nation, to visit or stop vessels under the American flag in time of peace. The difference between what the United States demand and what the English seem to suppose they demand is thus seen to be pretty wide.

It is likely, judging from the tone of Parliament and the press, that the answer to Mr. Buchanan's remonstrances will be, first, a sharp reprimand to the officers of the officious gun-boats; and, secondly, an assurance that for the future care will be taken that no American vessel shall be roughly treated, or unduly delayed, when British cruisers shall deem it necessary to board and visit her.

This will not satisfy this country. A little civility, more or less, will not palliate the commission of an act unjustified by international law and derogatory to the sovereignty of the United States. The people of the United States deny that Great Britain has any right to stop, visit, search, or otherwise molest any vessel bearing the United States flag, on the high seas, in time of peace; and, denying the right absolutely, they can not take any notice of a proposal to exercise it forbearingly, or considerately, or cautiously. No amount of forbearance or caution on the part of the self-constituted police of the seas will beguile the people of this country into conceding their police authority, or recognizing the maritime supervision they claim.

The way to settle the difficulty, and the only way, was indicated in these columns two weeks back. England's claim to visit foreign ships in time of peace rests wholly on the foolish convention made in 1842 for the suppression of the slave-trade. Let that convention now be annulled. It has never been of any service, and the cause of civilization will be no sufferer by its abrogation. When it is at an end all parties will be placed in the position which they occupied before its enactment, and Great Britain will be left without a shadow of a pretext for molesting American vessels. If she chooses to prosecute the business of suppressing the slave-trade, she can do so; but she will then have no excuse for stopping vessels under the United States flag. If she does so, it will be a deliberate assertion of her purpose to assume the control of the seas independently of the rights of foreign powers; and it will then devolve upon this country to contest the point, or to resign all claim to the rank of a first-class maritime nation. It is, however, quite certain that when forced to elect between an abandonment of the right of visitation and a rupture with the United States, Great Britain will choose the former. The petty privilege would never be deemed worth fighting for.

The question is now fairly opened; the condition of affairs is auspicious for its settlement; it is to be hoped that the President will not relax his efforts till the whole case has been satisfactorily adjusted.

THE ADJOURNMENT OF CONGRESS.

Congress has adjourned. The general feeling, on learning the event, was one of satisfaction. Not because there were any measures of detrimental character before Congress which might have become laws had the session been prolonged; but simply from a general opinion that all the necessary work of the session had been discharged, and that any additional labor would be superfluous and might be mischievous.

Considered as a whole, the session which has just ended will compare favorably with most former sessions. There is reason to believe that the members of this Congress are fully equal in point of ability and character to those of former Congresses. They are undoubtedly superior to those of the last Congress. None of the members have laid themselves open to direct charges of corruption. No lobby schemes of any consequence have become laws. On the contrary, this Congress—let us believe from the best motives—has resolutely set its face against corruption and lobby rogueries; the light artillery have this session had their pains for nothing. Negatively considered, the session which has just ended merits commendation. If it has done little that commands praise, it has earned little or no disgrace.

The most important measure of the season was the settlement of the Kansas question. This absorbed an unusual and undue share of the time allotted to Congress. Speeches without end were made on the topic by almost every member of both Houses; not with any view, as a rule, of influencing the final vote, but purely for the gratification of distant constituencies. Even this infliction, however, came to an end at last; the vote, or rather the votes, were taken, and a plan devised under which Kansas may come into the Union in a safe manner. Of the success of the project it is enough to say, that it has had the effect of silencing agitation in both sections of the country: Southern disunionists and Northern agitators speak and act, at the present time, as though their vocation was gone. For this favor let us return thanks to Congress.

Next in importance to the Kansas question was the Treasury embarrassment. There have been but few speeches on this topic. It is easier to declaim for or against slavery than to discuss financial measures and handle commercial statistics. But Congress has done the best that could have been done on this head: it has passed the measures suggested by the Treasury department, and, by authorizing a loan of forty millions, has enabled the United States to keep faith with their creditors, and to maintain the public service unimpaired.

In relation to foreign affairs, the only measure of consequence has been the quasi-declaration of war against Paraguay. It is not likely that this act will be followed by any serious consequences. As soon as the petty States of Central and South America discover that the United States are in earnest, they are usually quite willing to act reasonably. Latterly, the Senate has blown off a good deal of steam about the British outrages; but nothing practical resulted from the discussion, and it had best be forgotten as soon as possible. The unequal duties imposed on American ships in French ports, the affair of the *Lyonnais*, the Central American disputes, the Mexican troubles, the unsettled questions with Spain—all these are left in the state in which they were when Congress met.

Nothing has been done at this session of Congress toward improving our commercial and navigation laws. The tariff has not been altered, though a sound economy would have prompted a temporary increase of duties with a view to supplying the deficit in the revenue. Mr. John Cochrane and the Committee of Commerce have elaborated a plan for the codification of the revenue laws; but it is as yet merely a project. The committee on post-roads and postal affairs have likewise devised a scheme for the regulation of marine postages and mail steamship subventions; but this, too, lies over for the approval of a future Congress. No additional securities have been afforded by any Act of this session to travelers by land or water. But in this matter, as in those above mentioned, the ground has been cleared for wholesome legislation when Congress next meets.

The committees of investigation, which have engrossed so large a share of public attention, have rendered a useful service; they have led to the discovery of many improper practices, and have brought some rogues to shame. It is not the least compliment that could be paid to the Congress which has just dispersed to say, that there is no prospect that the time of the Congress which will meet in December will be engrossed by inquiries into any of its proceedings.

FRENCH SHADOWS.

If there be any truth in the adage about coming events and their shadows, the dark shades which, in these times, are obscuring the course of French affairs, deserve to be carefully studied by all who care for the future of France and the progress of European democracy. Mail after mail comes freighted with ominous facts—startling evidences of rebellion against the French Government, onward steps in the march of military despotism, terrible signs of weakness in the loins of the Imperial régime—the financial department. No sooner have the outside world realized the enormous scheme of spoliation by which the Emperor proposes to recruit his exhausted exchequer at the expense of all the charitable institutions in France, than frantic and spasmodic efforts to galvanize vitality into the great financial bubbles of the Empire tell a story of declining confidence and proximate collapse. The robbery of the hospitals is not more ominous than the acquisition by the Crédit Mobilier of the right of way across Central America. Both indicate the same great, staring, frightful fact—the approach of public, general, sweeping bankruptcy.

It was esteemed by the French journals a triumphant thing for France to have escaped the storm which swept over America and Europe in the latest months of last year. France, said these parasites of the Empire, is the only country whose finances and trade are in such a condition that she can defy monetary crises and commercial convulsions. They forgot two things: first, that France is no commercial country, that she has no great merchants, no extended foreign or domestic trade, no shipping to speak of, no extensive ramifications in the commercial enterprises of the world; and, secondly, that it is one of the conveniences of despotism to be able, for a time, to arrest the operation of natural and economical laws. France, a country whose foreign commerce is mostly in the hands of foreigners, and whose internal trade is positively insignificant, naturally enjoyed exemption from embarrassments which involved the commercial world only. And it was in the power of the Government to adopt the school-boy device of the Republicans of 1848, and for a time to arrest disaster and discontent among the manufacturers and laborers by hiring employers to hire them, and paying the cost of the operation. No such suicidal scheme could have been attempted in this country or in England; nor, if it could, would it have been seriously proposed in any nation where sound political economy was prevalent; for the simple reason that such rebellions against inexorable laws only retard their operation, and aggravate it when it comes. But the French Government had neither the knowledge nor the fortitude to meet the crisis bravely. It skulked, and, as we said, took money which happened to be in one pocket and disbursed it with the other. It averted a revolution at the time; it insured it for a future day.

The embarrassment which now throws the Emperor of the French so completely into the hands of the soldiery—which leads him to propose to despoil the hospitals—which compels the financial department of the Empire to publish statements as absurdly fallacious as any that ever emanated from an American Railway Company—may be traced in a great degree to the influence of the late revulsion. As the innocent stockholder in our great corporate enterprises is unable to discover how much his company spends, how much it receives, and what its net balance is at the end of the year; so the French citizen seeks in vain, at the present time, to find out from the published statements of the French Treasury how much France owes, how much she has spent, what her income is, and what her expenditures. All these are State secrets; the reports which purport to reveal them are intended to conceal the facts, and succeed admirably in their aim. It would be dangerous to tell what it cost to avert the revulsion. No one but the Emperor and a few of his confidential friends know what the financial condition of France is at the present time: though every one knows that it must be desperate.

Financial embarrassments are the key to political revolutions in every country. In such countries as the United States and Great Britain they may be overcome by a government which has the nerve to tell the truth, and to tax the people freely. In France, statesmen have no such resource. Extra taxation there is impracticable, for the reason that the people are too poor to pay great taxes. An addition to the annual levy which would not be noticed here, could not be gathered in France at all. The rank and file of the people have not the means to pay more than they do. They might be sued, sold out, or imprisoned; but no matter what was done, they could not pay an additional centime, and could not be made to pay. That is the reason why every successive government since the old monarchy has given way when the finances came to a dead lock; that is the secret of the peril which now menaces the Empire.

AFFAIRS IN CHINA.

It is said that Mr. Commissioner Reed, who represents the United States in China, has resigned his office, and is about to return home. It is not stated that Mr. Reed is dissatisfied with the humble part he is playing in the great drama which is now being performed in China; but as much may be suspected. It would really seem as though the United States might co-operate with the European powers in urging their present demands on the Chinese Government without compromising their neutral attitude.

KILLING NO MURDER IN NEW YORK.

When, some years ago, an unhappy gentleman, the victim of acute and excruciating disease, killed, in a moment of passion, a Kentucky schoolmaster who had chastised his brother, and was acquitted therefor by a Kentucky jury, the New York press burst into a fury of indignation, and proclaimed that killing was no murder in Kentucky. The criminal records of this State for the past few months go to prove that, whatever may be the practice in Kentucky, under no circumstances can homicide be called legal murder in the State of New York.

The legal distinction between murder and manslaughter is so clear that it can be grasped by the meanest intellect. Manslaughter is homicide committed under circumstances which, without actually justifying the act, go far to palliate it. When a man fires a pistol foolishly out of window, without designing harm to any one, and kills his neighbor, it is manslaughter. When a man is attacked by another, and, without having been menaced so seriously that his life is in danger, kills his antagonist, it is manslaughter. And again, when a man has received a grievous injury at the hands of another, and slays him to redress it, juries are apt to consider the nature of the injury, and where it is really very grave, to find a verdict of manslaughter. But when a man either, from malice prepense, lies in wait for an unoffending person and kills him, or, in a burst of passion, attacks another who has done him no grave injury, and injures him mortally, the act is murder, not manslaughter.

These principles shed a reliable light on the case of Patrick Lally, the man who killed Mr. Simonson at Brooklyn, and who has just been found guilty of manslaughter in the second degree. The offense of the victim in this case was a remonstrance against the use of profane language by Patrick Lally. It is not pretended that the language used by Simonson justified his murder. It seems, indeed, to have been kindly meant, and calculated rather to benefit than to injure Patrick Lally. Yet the latter followed it up by an attack upon Simonson which caused his death. Upon this, the Brooklyn jury found Patrick Lally guilty, not of murder, but of manslaughter in the second degree!

The same general practice, in a different form, is exemplified in other recent cases. Cancemi has been thrice tried for a very clear case of murder, and hardly convicted at last. Mrs. Cunningham lives in some dignified retirement, and is understood to harbor bitter resentment against the wiles and devices of the New York bar: a feeling which, it is said, ex-Judge Dean shares. Ira Stout, the convicted

murderer of his brother-in-law Littles, has been granted a new trial; let us give the country bar credit for shrewdness enough to equal their city confrères in the art of squeezing a sympathizer or accomplice into the jury-box. His sister and coadjutor in crime has not yet been brought to trial. One of the murderers of Teresa Spitzlein has escaped from the prison to which he was sentenced; another, the principal in the affair, after being rescued from the gallows by the ill-judged lenity of a weak Governor, now patiently awaits the pardon which can not fail to be shortly granted. In a word, no form of murder in this State insures its author the only penalty which experience proves to be efficacious for the repression of such crimes. You may kill a man in a fit of passion, or kill him from revenge; kill him in a house, or kill him in the street; kill a friend, or kill a stranger; batter his brains out with a paving-stone, throw him in the river with a chain-shot round his neck, or run him through with a knife: it is all one to Courts of law in New York—they will not find you guilty of murder.

Lord Mansfield, whose decisions form a large part of our common law, used to say that it mattered but little what the law was, so long as it was uniform, and every one could ascertain what it was. In accordance with this sensible opinion, it now devolves upon the people of this State—not to complain of the innovation which judges, governors, juries, and prosecutors have tacitly effected in the law, but to accept it, such as it is, and govern themselves accordingly. Many excellent remedies have been proposed. It is suggested that the judges should be appointed by the Governor, to hold office during good behavior, instead of being elected as they now are. It is argued that we ought to adopt the French plan of allowing a majority of jurors to convict. It is urged that the pardoning power should be taken away from the Governor and vested in a board of officers—as is the case in New Jersey.

All these suggestions appear to be well founded and well meant. But, in the absence of any probability of their being soon acted upon, it will be well for the people of this State to take for granted that in the present condition of the law, and as it is at present administered, killing is no murder in the State of New York; and that it is far better to kill than to run any risk of being killed.

THE LOUNGER.

JOHN BULLKIN.

ON the 29th May the Lounger, in some few and innocent observations which stirred up his Chicago friend, suggested the probable course of England in respect of the troubles. He willingly grants that it evinced no very profound perspicacity, but who does not like to be proved a prophet? After stating why England would not care to proceed to war with America, and allowing that the two countries ought always to dwell together in amity, the Lounger concluded: "In fact, there are many reasons why Mr. John will probably reprove his silly little officers, and inform Jonathan, with an air of loftiness, that he need not lose his temper for nothing."

So it proves. John is even more upon Jonathan's side than Jonathan himself; and certainly the mere tone of the remarks in Parliament upon the subject contrasts favorably with the high cock-a-lorum flavor of our Congressional effusions. There are instances, undoubtedly, little creditable to the demeanor of the British House of Commons; but, upon the whole, its demeanor is infinitely more dignified than that of our Congress. Let all honor be paid to good manners! A polite scoundrel, even, is certainly preferable to a boorish one. But the blandishment of manner should never blind us to facts. Because we are heady and hot, it does not follow that we are wrong; nor must the cool tranquillity of John mean more than it really does. It may be a surprising truth to many minds, but England is not less selfish than other nations.

While, therefore, we grant her all credit for the prompt and gentlemanly manner in which she treats the present matter, it is well to remember that there may be many reasons for her so doing; and, as it is very near the Fourth of July, an impetuous patriot may even whisper to himself—with a view only of keeping himself on guard, and not with any intention of offense—"Would Master John Bull be such a mannerly Bullkin if Jonathan were only half his height?"

PRACTICAL MEN.

KOSSUTH'S Hungarian stock was held to be a pretty poor investment, and there was a loud laugh when a noted merchant bought a few thousand old muskets, if not saddles. Practical men wanted to know how any body could throw his money away so foolishly—particularly the practical men whose funds were invested in New England factory stock and Erie Railroad. Practical men are perpetually wondering why people make fools of themselves; and so practical men quiz an engineer who suggests that railroad-carriages can be drawn at the rate of twelve or fifteen miles an hour. Practical men put their thumbs in their waistcoats, and lean back in parliamentary easy chairs, shaking their feet and sucking tooth-picks, and request the engineer to understand that practical scientific men have reduced it to figures that it can not be done. Presently it *is* done. Then practical men want to know why people may not be shot along a tunnel like beans through a tin tube? Practical men rush to invest all their money in railroads—rush to prostrate themselves before the great railway king—and when practical men have put all their eggs into one basket, down goes the basket, and smash go the eggs. Practical men "went in" for Mr. George Law, and the Mississippi scheme, and the South Sea bubble—and sneered at George Stephenson. Practical men built the Thames tunnel; and, about a dozen years ago, the steamship *Great Britain;* and practical men have just launched the *Leviathan*, which needs only a million of dollars to be put into sailing order, after which she will make eight voyages in the year, and clear, as net profit for the subscribers, seven hundred thousand dollars annually. Practical men will probably laugh at the Kossuth subscribers over the wine they buy with their *Leviathan* dividends.

A COURT OF HONOR.

IN consideration of the recent personal difficulties in Congress, and the impossibility of making laws for the country without the exchange of insults among honorable gentlemen of all parties, proposals are hereby issued for the appointment of a Grand Central National Tribunal of Honor:

I. Said Court shall consist of two representatives of each of the great parties—one taken from the Senate, and the other from the House.

II. It shall be in permanent session.

III. Whenever honorable gentlemen exchange the lie, or a pull of the nose, they shall resume their seats.

IV. A Committee of friends shall instantly bring the case before the Tribunal.

V. The Tribunal shall adjudge that if Mr. A called Mr B a sniveler, he reflected upon his manliness; but if Mr. B retorted with the lie, he aspersed Mr. A's honor. Consequently both were naturally excited, but used expressions which they did not exactly mean. Each, therefore, is to blame; each regrets, and each apologizes.

VI. In consideration that all valor should have a public and permanent recognition, it is decreed that every honorable gentleman whose honor has been pacified by the Court shall be invested with the dignity of the order of Touchstone. The insignia of the order to consist of a leather medal, on which shall be painted a bubble on glass, with an *if* rampant on the bubble.

VII. When Senators and Representatives cease to bandy the lie upon the floor the Court of Honor shall cease to exist, and each house of Congress shall be considered an honorable body.

A PAIR OF LORDS.

IT is announced that the son of the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Edward Cavendish, and Lord Richard Grosvenor, son of the Marquis of Westminster, are coming over to see us. How the English young ladies must sigh! How deserted the ball-room without Lord Edward and Lord Richard! Those young gentlemen will doubtless miss their accustomed homage. They are coming now among simple republican girls, and must not expect to have profound cheeses made before them by the freshest and stiffest crinoline. If there is one thing pleasanter to know than another, it is that the American young lady is never imposed upon by titles. She receives the son of a London tradesman with the same affability as the heir of a duke. She is a practical democrat, and prefers him, of all her admirers, who is most devoted to liberal ideas and generous sympathies. The heart of the American young lady never flutters in the presence of young English lords. It prefers worth to wealth, candor to a carriage, and devotion to diamonds. It makes no calculation of available matches; gilded gout it passes by, to bestow itself upon industrious youth, health, and affection; and even where youth, health, and affection are rich, the heart of the American young lady wishes they were poor, that it might show its disinterested preference.

A RAREE SHOW.

ENGLAND and France have been enjoying this exhibition for several months. Every steamer has brought us conspicuous notices of the marvels wrought by Mr. Rarey upon wild horses. In all the empires there is no animal so vicious but Mr. Rarey will accomplish him for the boudoir in half an hour. It is as wonderful as the guano which was to grow the salad while you were eating your dinner. Mr. Rarey's favorite pillow is the heels of a kicking horse. He makes the animal defer respectfully to the bridle and solicit the whip. He performs as many wonders upon him as Vieuxtemps on the violin or Thalberg on the piano. He is the great equinist of the age.

There have been many secrets for taming horses, but Mr. Rarey's seems to be the best of all. Unfortunately he is not wealthy enough to treat the world to a knowledge of his spell; but all who see its operation, or who have paid the fee for knowing it, seem to be perfectly satisfied. Chloroform has been suggested; but it is evidently not that, for there is no kind of stupor, and the docility of the animal is perfectly intelligent. Tying up one of the front legs and urging the horse upon three legs is a theory which has its probabilities and very serious supporters; but that process requires more time and practice than is asked by Mr. Rarey. In fact, nobody has yet satisfactorily suggested the Rarey method.

Nor is his skill confined to horses. He has recently been taming a zebra; and there may be no limit to the range of his power. Perhaps there is some common secret of subjection, which, once discovered, will bring all animals under our reasonable control, even to offering themselves willing sacrifices to our ostentation. Fish will lay themselves up on the bank, convenient for the cook; deer will come trotting in, and pass into venison without a pang; cows and oxen will moo their innocuous lives away, and pigs lay them down an' dee.

These, of course, will be the ultimate results. We must not be greedy, and hope for every thing at once.

At a recent exhibition of Mr. Rarey's skill in Manchester, he was put to a very rough trial. He had agreed to meet any horse that might be brought to the arena; and a bleacher who owned a mare, the most powerful and most vicious animal in the county, sent her by his groom with orders to take off the halter and turn her in. He did so—although to remove the halter was hardly fair—and the mare immediately kicked, and plunged, and rushed at Mr. Rarey so furiously that the ladies of the audience, fearful of seeing his brains dashed out, withdrew, and most of the company with them. Within five minutes of their departure they returned to find that Mr. Rarey had bridled the mare, and presently laid his head upon those late so restive heels!

Our own private theory is that Mr. Rarey is a medium, and that the spirits hold the horses for him. The only objection to this view is that in the case of tables the spirits make them kick up, instead of causing them to remain quiet. But then horses are not tables. Tables are made of wood, and when Mr. Rarey tries upon clothes-horses who knows but they may turn the tables upon him, and begin to kick up?

We can not, therefore, be too careful where we hang our clean linen.

SUMMER SPORTS.

THE season of college anniversaries is at hand: days of perspiring crowds in hot churches listening to long orations and poems occasionally crackling with puns; days of valedictory ambition and the eloquence of twenty; days of galleries of crinoline quivering with fans, of handsome orators in black gowns, and of bounteous piles of bouquets; of alumni dinners, réunion, and reminiscence; of Presidential levees and flirtations in the garden; of Champagne, punch, and auld lang syne; days longed for, regretted, and forever remembered—nights of moonlight, serenades, and tears.

But the Commencement season is ceasing to be all sentiment, eloquence, Champagne, and music. The old Greeks, at their games, remembered the claims of the body—not of its enjoyment only, but of its health—and consequently, while Plato listened to Herodotus, and the echo of Pindar still lingered, they leaped and wrestled, raced in chariots and on foot, knowing that the State must have able-bodied as well as strong-minded citizens. The nearer we can come to the Greeks in these points the better it will be for us; and it is a good sign of the times that this year a regatta of college boats is to take place, probably upon the Connecticut River, in which Harvard and Yale will contend for the palm. At Harvard there are more than two hundred students upon the roll of the boat-clubs; of which there are eleven, owning boats with six or eight oars each. Will some Yale boatman send the Lounger the details of his college?

How soon shall we have the college cricket-matches, foot-ball, and the rest? It is high time that we exploded the old theory of the scholar—that he is a weak and puny, round-shouldered, pale-cheeked, hollow-eyed, tottering, nervous, and shy schoolmaster. Let us prove that he can row and wrestle with men as well as dictionaries and grammars.

DELICATE GROUND.

MARSHAL PELISSIER, the present French Embassador in London, lately exchanged compliments with the Duke d'Aumale, one of the sons of Louis Philippe, and it was rumored, in consequence, that he would be recalled. But the *Times* says he will hardly be more than censured. If Louis Napoleon has not utterly lost his head—which really seems to have been blown off, or up, by the affair of the 14th January—he will not alienate the most conspicuous general in his army. In fact, there are certain things he is pretty sure not to do, of which the most comprehensive class is that which concerns the reproof of any thing or any body military. In the present conflict between the army and the press the Emperor is compelled to favor the army, and there is very little doubt that Louis Napoleon will occupy his throne long enough to disabuse the mind of Europe and America of the idea that he is a great man in any just sense of the word.

Perhaps there was never a more fortunate conjuncture of circumstances than in his case. He inherited the name of Napoleon, which, no less by its misfortunes than its glory, was a charm in France. He had a fair natural capacity, and the talent—which, in a public player, is genius—of profound reticence. He was personally brave, and had every thing to gain, with nothing to lose. France was heaving and uncertain in the hands of a revolution which frightened itself. He came to it when it lay under strong military rule—when the people were wanting repose—when there was no sense of security. He was elected President, certainly upon no ground of the ability he had ever shown, for his public career in France began at Strasbourg and ended at Boulogne. As President he was brought in official contact with the army, and the rest was a foregone conclusion.

The capital of the country and the conservative feeling were naturally in favor of a strong, peaceable Government; the popular sentiment, fostered by the Church, was charmed with the "Napoleon idea" and name, and his accession to absolute power required only a stern resolution and an unshrinking hand. So he seized the power; but to maintain and confirm it is a different thing.

That is what he is engaged in doing, and every month exposes the poverty of his real ability. He is less securely seated to-day, after six years of opportunity, than he was on the week after his *coup.* Poor little Prince Imperial! how earnestly his mother Eugénie must wish he were only a peasant boy, playing on the banks of the Guadalquiver, or the Thames, or the Hudson, or any river that did not water France.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—If you know the address of any of the Hog family, of whom you have often spoken, and whom I constantly meet, I wish you would send the inclosed. It comes, I think, from the Cincinnati *Gazette*, and has a sub-acid flavor which is very agreeable in the warm weather. Yours, TRAVELER.

"'1. Do not puddle a car, where there are ladies, with tobacco-juice—it dirties their dresses.

"'2. A young and healthy man should not occupy more than two seats. Twice as much room as an old lady or gentleman requires is enough for the cloak, bandbox, carpet-bag, and books of a merchant's clerk on a collecting tour.

"'3. Courting should be done at home. The world does not make a sufficient allowance for amours in the cars. When people are seen to be uncommonly affectionate in the cars, the by-standers are apt to make remarks.

"'4. Ladies who must wear hoops in traveling should not make them two yards in diameter, as that is the greatest width with which they can be conveniently seated.

"'5. Men should not talk in the cars more than doubly as loud as they do in any other place, lest they should injure their voice.

"'6. Children who are three or four years old, and in habit of crying for every thing they see without being punished, should be kept at home till their parents learn how to govern them.

"'7. If the first and last of those rules can not be observed, then the tobacco-puddlers and the parents who never punish should be put in the same car together, to enjoy each other's company.'"

DEAR HOG,—I have been requested to send you the above extract, and beg leave to recommend that you should cut it out, carry it in your pocket-book, and read it every night and morning. Yours truly, THE LOUNGER.

—A READER, *Hawkensville, Georgia*, should remember that the superlative of the Latin *felix* has but one *l;* and so with *infelix*. Let him ask the schoolmasters about that. Herbert was certainly *most unhappy!*

"*June*, '58.

"EVER-NEEDFUL LOUNGER,—Your wide-spread amiability and India-rubberness of temper, tell me that, with safety, I may to you make my complaints. Then, to begin, I must say I am *so* tired of this dull monotony every where pervading.

"If I were a man I'd collect an army, go off to Utah, and scatter the Mormons to the 'ends of the earth'—that place where all loving maidens persist in accompanying their lovers.

"Oh, if there only could be a war between England and America it would be comfortable! I could then find something to do. No doubt but that I should be a second 'Joan of Arc'—all but the burning, which part of the career I should most religiously avoid.

"Do propose something which shall dispel the tedium; then imagine every rain-drop (and, goodness knows! we have plenty of them) to be the essence of a bundle of thanks from your correspondent. More sorrows anon.

"Yours in *ennui*, S. D."

—The Lounger is clearly not the person for S. D. to apply to. Let her seek consolation of the belligerent Senators and Representatives who sympathize fully with her war views.

"DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—I was very glad indeed to see our worthy postmaster listening attentively to the lectures delivered at Mozart Hall for the relief of the Shirt-sewers' Union, in which, you remember, the whole question of women's capabilities was discussed from every point of view. Those lectures have not been without effect, for I notice that a woman has been appointed to deliver letters at the ladies' window in our city post-office. Isn't this the first instance of the kind?

"Yours, respectfully, ANNA MARIA."

—ANNA MARIA is surely aware that in many country towns, both in this country and in England, there is such a phenomenon as a *postmistress.* Mr. Postmaster Fowler has merely, in this instance, reversed the Mormon rule, and ordained that a female shall distribute the mails.

"RESPECTED SIR,—You spoke last week of an original portrait of Dr. Franklin, now for sale in Paris. Have you noticed that it has been purchased by a gentleman in Boston, the city in which Franklin was born?

"Your obedient servant, OPTICS."

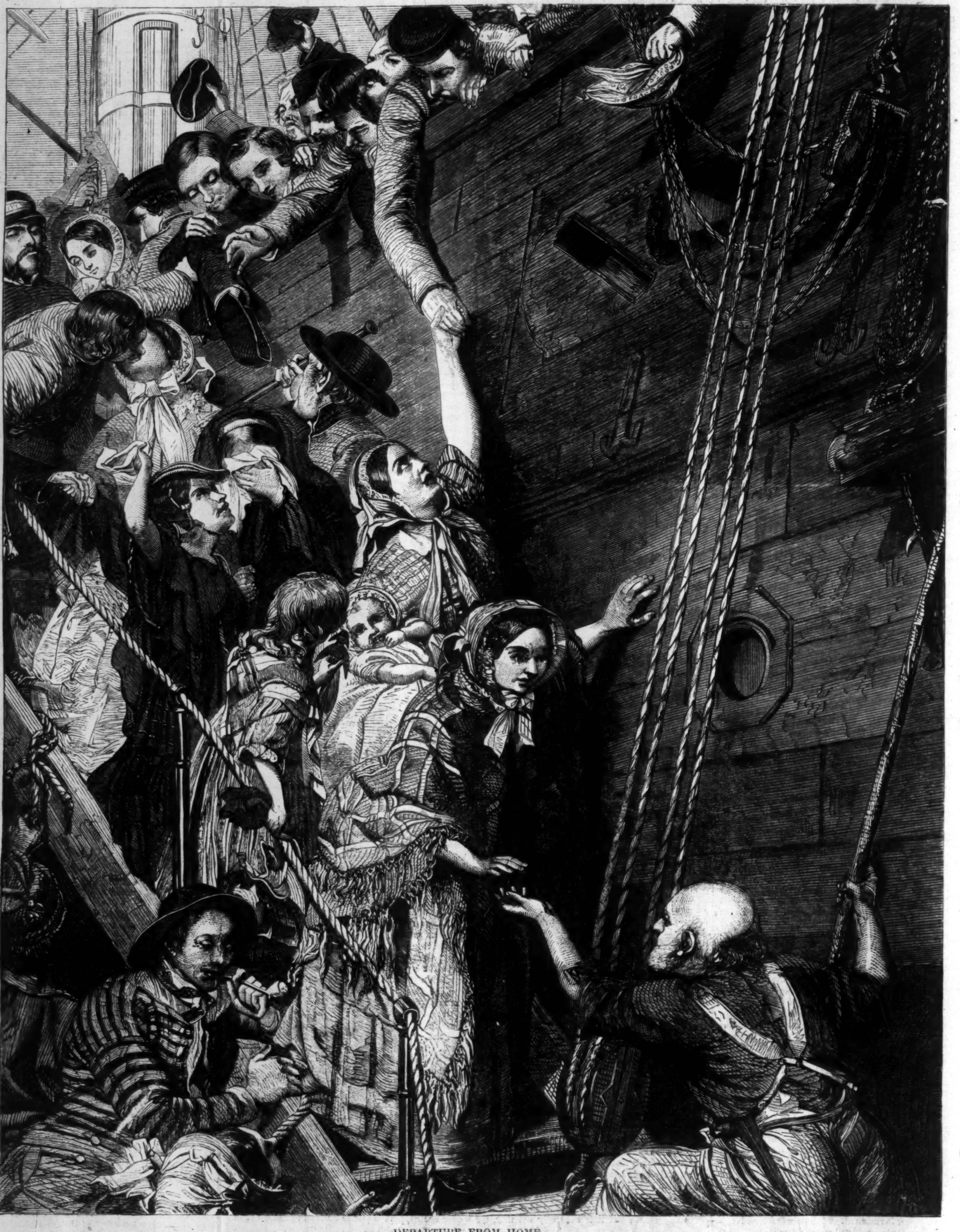
—HERE is a tempting invitation to all Loungers:

"NEAR 'BROWN'S TRACT,' *June*, 1858.

"LOUNGER,—When I consulted my doctor this spring, he prescribed Labrador! I shook my head. 'Are there no other waters?' 'The Northwoods for the season,' he replied; by which, I *took* it, he meant trout-fishing. So here I am, on the banks of the Black River, whose waters—of an amber color, on a near view—seem black, a river of ink, a contrast to other streams. Think of it! a river of ink, with the foliage of the Northwoods over it, in June! Unless you have seen the sight itself—this particular only mirror of the kind—you can not possibly come up to the conception of what is here seen every day, unconcernedly, by the lumbermen.

"A great black serpent winding through the wilderness (come and see its coils). Oh Heaven, what coves! quiet retreats, where the fair heaven is held in a fringe of beauty, and the balsam, the spruce, and the larch rear their saplings. You see only their shape and foliage—cones, as if Art had been there. 'Lovely' is the word I apply to these cone-pictures by the First Artist. But these mirrors are sometimes disturbed, in their greatest placidity, when sunset colors them. The trout then breaks the surface, dallying with golden insects and snowy moths. It is but a flash of the fierce inhabitant, and then the circles run for the shore. The 'Compleat Angler'—I say it upon the authority of a fisherman—has nothing like this. Its trout are great ebon fellows, with saffron-colored bellies, and spots of crimson on their broad, dark sides—flesh, a rich orange.

"It is here, my dear Idler, that I play the fly, of a sunset, when all the odors of *pinus* are out on the moist air—the Northwoods' 'sheets that smell of lavender.' My seat is of moss, and the ground-ivy is constantly disputing it with me. At every change of seat, or turn, a stream of fragrance goes up, telling the harm I am doing. I have lost several trout in answering this complaint of the herb. There is another complainer at this hour—the whip-poor-will. Soon July will deepen the colors of my picture; the trout will be less venturesome, but more fierce; the moth more tempting; the fish more toothsome. Meanwhile the 'Tract' is overrun with 'pot-hunters'—to use a phrase of the unhappy Herbert's—whom the fly and the mosquito are fast clearing out. Then—if the Lounger has a taste for the thing, and the *courage*—'the more flies the more trout,' is the adage here. F. G."



DEPARTURE FROM HOME.

EMIGRANTS, AND EMIGRANT LIFE.

YEARS ago, a Canadian governor—not by any means a quick-witted personage, or gifted with deep sensibility—wrote an intensely interesting book, entitled "The Emigrant." Therein he depicted the trials of the exile, from the hour of his departure from his native soil to his final settlement in the land of promise: the naked recital of facts was so touching that thousands read the book eagerly, and the author began to be mistaken for a man of literary talent.

The trials, privations, disappointments, and ultimate rewards of the European emigrant to America, yet await their Homer. No writer has done justice to the domestic romance of the emigrant's fortunes. They are an unexplored mine of pathos, suffering, and hope; rich in yield to him who shall delve therein in the proper spirit, and with the proper tools.

From the hour of his departure to the hour of his settlement on his final resting-place, the emigrant is a prey to human vultures. At the great ports where emigrants embark in the Old World—Liverpool, Limerick, Glasgow, Belfast, Bremen, Amsterdam, Havre—a brood of hungry rascals earn a fat livelihood by cheating them. Some are tricked into purchasing spurious tickets; others are duped into the acquisition of worthless stores; many are robbed outright. The most fortunate are they who simply pay a bonus to the sharks for tickets which are good, certainly, but which are sold at an advance over their proper cost. The business is most profitable at Liverpool—which is the largest emigrant dépôt of the Old World—and the chief dupes are the Irish. Englishmen, Scotchmen, Germans, possess a native shrewdness which often protects them against sharpers. The expatriated Irish cotter falls an easy prey to the first ensnarer he meets. There is a firm in Liverpool—they are rich merchants now—which has carried on the business of swindling Irish emigrants systematically for years. They have had a house in New York and New Orleans; boarding-houses in both these places and in Liverpool; runners not only in the United States and in the port of embarcation in England, but in every emigration district in Ireland. For years this firm has pursued the policy of deliberately fleecing emigrants. It rarely wastes time on the poorer classes, such as those which are shipped by Unions or landlords; but it hardly ever lets an emigrant of the better class out of its clutches till he has parted with his last dollar.

Once on board ship, and the cruel parting with friends over, the emigrant falls a prey to a new class of masters, the sailors. Enough has been printed about the trials to which young emigrant girls are subject. Both sexes, and all ages, are the victims of a tyranny which is none the less grinding because nautical discipline may justify or excuse it. At sailing, the steerage passengers are mustered, and the emigrant learns—from the blows and jeers of the mate and crew—that he is "under authority." The whole passage confirms this first impression. Sailors interfere with his feeding, his sleeping, and his exercise. If he be ill—as in most cases he is—his sufferings provoke jibes, where they do not lead to violent correction, from the officer of the watch. He may die if he choose, but he must not soil the purity of the deck or the steerage. To cook his food properly, he must fight man-

EMIGRANT WOMEN.

EMIGRANTS.

fully. To protect his wife and daughters, he must unite imposing strength with unusual courage. To resist the brutality of the crew, he must share their pugnacity, and surpass them in shrewdness.

At last the voyage is over, and the emigrant lands on American soil. In olden time his condition at this stage in his fortunes was truly pitiable. Federal, State, and municipal authorities regarded him with as much indifference as if he had been a bale of cheap goods. Scoundrels of the very lowest calibre—emigrant runners—seized him, and made him their own. If he had any money, they robbed him of it. If he had a pretty wife or daughters, they stole them too, if they could. If he had neither money nor daughters, they merely took his luggage. It was well for him if, after having been robbed of all he had, he was not beaten to death, or entrapped into committing crimes which transferred him almost directly from the emigrant vessel to Blackwell's Island or the State Prison. His bewrayers were of his own kith and kin. The easiest emigrants to rob were the Irish; and the majority of emigrant runners belonged to the same race. The brogue was part of their capital in trade.

This is ancient history now. A few years ago, the railways of this State grew jealous of emigrant runners, and proposed to monopolize the business. With the aid of certain politicians, they established an emigrant dépôt at Castle Garden, in the city of New York, where immigrants are now landed, and whence they are forwarded to their destination. Into this dépôt the old class of robbers known as runners are not openly permitted to enter. It is a vast improvement on the old system; though whether it be itself tainted with corruption appears to be matter of debate.

There seems to be some doubt whether European emigration to the United States will continue. Of late years it has greatly fallen off. This year it will not, most probably, amount to one-third what it was a few years since. Germany has thrown off its surplus. Ireland has got rid of its starving thousands, and there is more elbow-room for those who remain behind. Until some convulsion disturb peaceful trade and industry in Europe, there is no reason to suppose that immigrants will flow into the United States at the same rate as formerly; though, so long as we have vacant lands and political privileges to offer, we can hardly fail to levy a large percentage upon the increase of the European people.

LITERARY.

About a year ago, in noticing a little volume published by Carter & Brothers, entitled The Way Home, a pleasant and touching family story, we remarked upon the fact that an incident was related of a certain Lord N——, whose mother was the author of the well-known lyric, "The Land of the Leal," and we then suggested that an inquiry in the church-yard at Brussels for the grave of Lord N—— would inform us who was the lady referred to, and enable us to ascertain the name of the author of one of the most delightful poems in the language. This casual remark created an amusing excitement among a class of small critics, and a dingy New York street made itself merry over our supposed ignorance. Among the numerous issues which were brought out by our remark, none was more amusing than a letter from a very indignant Scotchman to a Canada paper, which he probably marked and sent to us. He boiled over with indignation, and said, "How very ignorant some would-be literary critics are of their own business, especially among the Americans!"

All these gentlemen were oppressed with the idea that "The Land of the Leal" was by Burns.

No one acquainted with the poetry of Burns had ever attributed it to him. It has not in thought or construction any resemblance to Burns; and although some, such persons as we have mentioned might have considered it his, the authorship of this delicious little poem has long been a subject of discussion among literary men.

The matter escaped our attention at the time, but has since been revived, and we are glad to be able to settle the question by authority of private letters from literary friends in Scotland, as well as of a volume of Lays from Strathearn, published by Addison & Co., in London. The author of the song so much admired was the Countess of Nairne, a Scotch lady, who died in 1845. The following letter, from a gentleman in Edinburgh, contains some particulars which will be read with interest by all who admire that most exquisite of songs:

"My dear Sir,—In reply to your favor of 20th ult. I beg to state, that there is no doubt whatever that the late Countess of Nairne was the author of the beautiful lyric referred to. In 'The Way Home,' at page 232 you will find it so stated for a fact, and in a work published by Addison & Co., of London, entitled 'Lays from Strathearn,' which contains all the poetical pieces of the gifted Countess, 'The Land of the Leal' appears among them. I will have the pleasure of sending you a copy of this work; and turn to pages 11 and 12, and you will there find it. There is a short biography prefixed to the volume, from which I extract the following sentences:

"'Passing one afternoon through a village where the yearly market was being held, she (the Countess), heard young voices singing to a favorite air words which she disliked. Returning homeward through Strathearn to the old Mansion House of Gask where her childhood and youth were passed, and which is described so touchingly in "The Auld House," the desire arose to remodel some of these old songs and to write new ones. "The occasion of an agricultural dinner," says Dr. Rogers, in his sketch of Lady Nairne, in the "Modern Scottish Minstrel," afforded her a fitting opportunity of making trial of her success in the good work she had begun. To the President of the meeting were sent anonymously her verses entitled, "The Pleughman," and the production being publicly read, was received with much approbation. She was thus encouraged to proceed in her self-imposed task, and to this early period of her life may be ascribed some of her best lyrics. "The Land o' the Leal," at the close of the century, was sung in every district of the kingdom. This song was written for a bereaved friend, and became widely known long before her name was whispered in connection with it. Some years later she added the verse,

"Sae dear's the joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
To the Land o' the Leal."

RUNNERS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

EMIGRANT-LANDING IN NEW YORK.

Nor was it easy for her to preserve her *incognita*, as she frequently found herself in companies who disputed about the origin of "The Land o' the Leal," and was appealed to for her opinion regarding it.'"

"So much about the poem in question. Of her latter days it is said,

"'For some years previous and subsequent to the death of her only child, Lord Nairne, at Brussels, in 1837, she resided at different places on the Continent; yet even when these days came which left her no longer any ties to earth, and when to sing songs in her presence would have been as mockery, the old melodies were not banished. Still, she would ask for "Triumphal arch which fill'st the sky," etc., to the air of "Jock o' Hazeldean" or the tune of "Drink to me only," to such words as these:

"The oak strikes deeper as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven," etc.

She returned to Scotland at the request of her nephew, Mr. Oliphant, of Gask, at whose residence she died in 1845.'"

We trust that the indignant Scotchman at Kingston will not revile the memory of his favorite poet because he did not write what the Countess of Nairne did write, but will make a decent apology for his stupidity, and buy a copy of THE WAY HOME and another of the LAYS FROM STRATHEARN.

Mr. Sotheby has sold at auction the entire impression of his work on Block Books, which, our readers probably know, were books printed before the invention of movable type. The work is very elegant, containing fac-similes. Copies were purchased for the Astor and other American libraries. The first copy brought £10 10s., and the entire number, 215, were sold at that rate.

The *Literary Gazette* (London) is publishing a very interesting series of letters from Vice-consul Newton, on his explorations at Buddrum, the site of the Mausoleum. Mr. Newton's labors have been great, and crowned with abundant success.

Sixty-six thousand seven hundred and sixty florins have been collected for a monument of Luther at Worms. It is to be erected in the Cathedral.

The name of Calypso has been given to the fifty-third asteroid discovered on the 4th April. We notice less the discovery of a planet than of a new rock in an ocean.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, 14th instant, in the Senate, it was agreed that 6 P.M. that day should be the hour for adjournment. Many private matters were discussed. The Senate, on suggestion of the Conference Committee, receded from its amendments to the Post-Office Appropriation Bill, and it was passed by 33 to 17. Senator Seward moved a vote of thanks to Vice-President Breckinridge, which was agreed to unanimously. Most of the day was devoted to executive business.——In the House, miscellaneous business of an unimportant character was transacted. All unfinished business was handed over to the next session. It being agreed that six was to be the hour for an adjournment, the Committee appointed for the purpose reported before that hour that they had waited on the President, who had no communication to make, and thereupon both Houses of Congress adjourned.

SPECIAL SESSION OF THE SENATE.

Immediately on the adjournment of Congress, the President issued a proclamation convening the Senate in special session. That body met accordingly on 15th June, and a committee waited upon the President to inform him that the Senate was ready to receive any communication. Senator Green presented a memorial from Benjamin W. Perkins, for relief against alleged oppression by the Russian Government. Senator Mason introduced the resolutions of the Committee on Foreign Relations on the British outrages, and speeches thereon were made by Senators Mason, Wade, Benjamin, Doolittle, Clingman, Bayard, and others. Senator Douglas made a personal explanation in connection with State politics in Illinois, and was answered by Senators Bigler and Trumbull. The Senate then went into executive session.

On 16th June the Senate went into executive session, and confirmed a number of appointments. The resolutions on the outrages were then passed unanimously. They are as follows:

Resolved (as the judgment of the Senate), that American vessels on the high seas, in time of peace, bearing the American flag, remain under the jurisdiction of the country to which they belong, and therefore any visitation, molestation, or detention of such vessel by force, or by the exhibition of force, on the part of a foreign power, is in derogation of the sovereignty of the United States.

Resolved, That the recent and repeated violations of this immunity, committed by vessels of war belonging to the navy of Great Britain in the Gulf of Mexico and the adjacent seas, by firing into, interrupting, and otherwise forcibly detaining them on their voyage, requires, in the judgment of the Senate, such unequivocal and final disposition of the subject by the Government of Great Britain and the United States, touching the rights involved, as shall satisfy the just demands of this Government, and preclude hereafter the occurrence of like aggressions.

Resolved, That the Senate fully approves the action of the Executive in sending a naval force into the infested seas with orders "to protect all vessels of the United States on the high seas from search or detention by the vessels of war of any other nation." And it is the opinion of the Senate that, if it become necessary, such additional legislation should be supplied in aid of the Executive power as will make such protection effectual.

The President having no further communication to make, the extraordinary session was adjourned.

THE OCEAN POSTAGE BILL.

The Ocean Postage Bill, one of the last appropriation bills passed, appropriates $346,500 for the transportation of the mails from New York to Liverpool, with a proviso that there be paid therefrom so much as may be required to procure the transportation of the mails on such days as the Collins steamers may fail to take them from New York. Out of this same appropriation is to be paid $16,757 for outward trips from New York to Liverpool in February and April, 1857, and February, March, and April, 1858, when the Collins line failed to perform the service, and a further sum of $35,000, or so much as may be necessary to enable the Postmaster General to procure the transportation of the mails from New York to Liverpool and back on the 24th of April, 8th and 22d of May, and 5th and 19th of June, 1858, if the Collins line fail to perform the service on those days. Two hundred and sixty-one thousand dollars is appropriated for the mails from New York to New Orleans, Charleston, Savannah, Havre, Chagres, and back; $328,350 for the mails from Panama to California, Oregon, and back; $122,000 for the mails between San Francisco and Olympia; $22,400 for the mails on Puget Sound; $230,000 for the mails from New York via Southampton or Cowes to Havre; $50,000 for the mails between Charleston and Havana, and $100,000 for the mails across the Isthmus. It is not lawful for the Postmaster to make any steamship or other new contract for conveying the mails on sea for a longer period than two years, nor for any other compensation than sea and inland postages. He is authorized to cause the mails to be transported between the United States and by any lines for port or ports by steamships, paying therefor, if by an American vessel, sea and inland postage, and if by a foreign vessel sea postage only. Preference is always to be given to an American over a foreign steamship, when departing from the same port for the same destination within three days of each other.

EXPENSE OF THE GOVERNMENT.

The following table, from the *Union*, shows how much the United States Government costs:

REGULAR APPROPRIATIONS FOR THE SERVICE OF THE YEAR 1859.

Pension		$760,500 00
Indian, Regular		1,338,104 49
Indian, Supplemental		959,957 36
Indian, Deficiency		339,575 00
Consular and Diplomatic		912,120 00
Military Academy		182,804 00
Naval		14,508,354 23
Sundry civil		5,557,148 07
Legislative, Executive, and Judicial		6,134,083 61
Army		17,145,806 46
Mail Steamer		960,750 00
Post-office		3,500,000 00
Collecting revenue from imports, *permanent*, additional		1,150,000 00
Total		$53,458,233 22
To which add:		
Treasury notes, 1858	$20,000 00	
Manufacture of arms, 1858	360,000 00	
Expenses of Investigating Committee, 1858	35,000 00	
Treaty with Denmark, 1858	408,731 44	
Deficiency in printing, etc., 1858	341,189 58	
Deficiency for the year 1858	9,704,209 89	
Deaf, Dumb, and Blind, Dis. of Columbia, 1858	3,000 00	
Expenses of Investigating Committee, 1858	12,000 00	
Clerks in Oregon to Register and Receiver, 1858	7,000 00	
Running Texas boundary line, 1858	80,000 00	
Incident to the loan of $20,000,000	5,000 00	—$10,976,130 91
		$64,434,364 13
Estimate:		
Other appropriation bills not printed and *indefinite*, including all private bills		3,565,635 87
		$68,000,000 00

THE BRITISH OUTRAGES.

A messenger, bearing special dispatches from the British Admiral in the American seas to Lord Napier, arrived at Washington last week. The Admiral had given orders to the cruisers to desist from all interference with vessels bearing the American flag, and had promptly dispatched a fast vessel to cruisers on the coast of Cuba with these orders. As far as the Admiral and the vessels under his command are concerned, there will be no further trouble, at least until instructions arrive from England. Lord Napier reiterates the statement, now received from the Admiral, that no new orders had been given by the British government to the cruisers, and that they had acted with imprudent zeal upon orders given many years ago.

The resolutions of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations were passed, not because they would achieve any thing, but in order to produce a moral effect in England.

LATEST FROM UTAH.

Colonel Thomas L. Kane has arrived, having left Camp Scott on May 16th. He reports Governor Cumming having returned to Salt Lake City after making an ineffectual attempt to stop the Mormon hegira to the South. Salt Lake City and the northern settlements were nearly deserted, a few persons only remaining to guard the buildings. Forty thousand persons are said to be in motion—their trains extending for miles down the valley. The advanced trains were already three hundred miles distant. To evade answering where they are bound, they say they are going South; but their supposed destination is Cedar City, or some part of Sonora. There were no mules at Camp Scott. Colonel Hoffman's train was met twenty miles from the Platte bridge. Colonel Johnston would wait the arrival of the Peace Commissioners. The Indians were annoying the Mormons, call them squaws, and say they won't fight. Brigham Young had delivered the great seal, records, etc., which it was supposed had been destroyed, to Governor Cumming. The recent heavy rains extended far to the west, and all the streams are full.

GENERAL WALKER STIRRING AGAIN.

The New Orleans correspondent of the *Herald* writes: "You have heard and published the result of General Walker's trial. The termination was highly satisfactory to the little 'gray-eyed' man. He is still in this city, and is surrounded by followers as devoted as ever. His office is at 181 Custom-House Street, where, in company with General Henningsen, he can be seen every day, deeply engaged in writing, and directing singularly good-looking men as they come and go. Colonel Anderson will visit New York immediately.

"You may rest assured General Walker will proceed to Nicaragua immediately. He lives for no other purpose, and believes in no other destiny. His resources are greater now than ever, and his support in the United States more personal and powerful. When he goes your correspondent will take a trip to the tropics."

PERSONAL

Among the number of diplomatic and consular appointments sent in last week to the Senate were Joseph R. Chandler, of Pennsylvania, Minister to Naples; E. T. Fair, of Alabama, Minister Resident to Belgium; and B. C. Yancy, of Georgia, Minister Resident to the Argentine Republic.

The President has tendered to Governor Winslow, of North Carolina, the Sardinian Mission, which the latter accepts. The delegation from North Carolina expresses great dissatisfaction, as they claimed a first-class mission.

The British Minister, Lord Napier, the French Minister, Count de Sartiges, and lady, accompanied by the Hon. Wm. H. Seward and others, arrived in Baltimore on the 16th inst., and left in the cars of the Northern Central Railroad Company on a trip of pleasure, to visit the mineral regions of Pennsylvania, and the works of internal improvement connected therewith. At Harrisburg they were to be joined by the Hon. Simon Cameron, and after visiting the great southern coal-field, on the line of the Northern Central Railroad, they will pass into the valley of the Schuylkill, where they will be received by Mr. Cullin, the President of the Reading Railroad Company, and conducted through the coal-fields tributary to that road,

The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Traveler* says: "It has been remarked often that the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means is the leader of the House. The gentleman who now occupies this position, Mr. J. Glancy Jones, fully believes this doctrine, and acts upon the belief, as you will see from two incidents, which are characteristic of the man. Yesterday, when one of the Appropriation bills was up, and the House having heard a Senate amendment read, and being willing to adopt it without discussion, cried out, 'Question! question!' when Mr. Jones coolly remarked: '*If I hear that cry again, I will speak half an hour!*'

"To-day, when the Loan bill was under consideration, after Mr. Burlingame's speech, Mr. Jones arose to close the argument, and when through with the movements that usually precede his speeches, the House feared that he was about to ventilate his ideas in reply, and some of his friends, *sotto voce*, intimated the hope that he would be short, as time was precious, when Mr. Jones drew himself up and declared that, 'I shall take what time I please, and when I please, and gentlemen will do well to remember that such is my practice.'"

Another Washington letter writer says: "There is a capital story in circulation here about that Indiana Congressman, Foley, upon whom so strong a *spell* was laid by his famous letter. One of the New York members said to him, 'Well, Foley, they rather had you in that letter, didn't they?' 'Yes,' said Foley, 'rather so. Well, I *writ* it, that's a fact; but they *mucilated* it most d——bly in publishing it!' It is thought here that it will require a good deal of mucilage to work Foley again down the throats of his constituents."

Archbishop Hughes attended at Albany last week before the Grand Jury, as an applicant for an indictment against the Albany *Statesman*, for a libel contained in certain letters exposing a society which it claims exists under the title of the "Circle of Jesus." After hearing the Archbishop's testimony, the Grand Jury refused to indict, on the ground that if the matter is libelous against the Archbishop it should be prosecuted in New York, where he lives, and not at the expense of Albany county. The Archbishop then offered to bear the expenses of the prosecution; but the bill was refused by the Grand Jury.

Mr. Wm. C. Bryant, in a letter from Rome to *The Evening Post*, says:

"You have heard of the death of poor Bartholomew, the sculptor. He came to the hotel at Naples, where I was, the evening before I went with my family to Castellamare. I was absent a week; and when I came back he was dead and in his grave. He had fought a hard battle with poverty, and had just won it; orders were beginning to come in upon him from all quarters, and his great grief, when he breathed his last, was, that he could not place his mother in that state of comfort which he would easily have secured to her if a brief respite from death had been allowed him. I have been to his studio since my arrival in Rome, and there I saw the last work of his hand—a fine statue, justifying the reputation he has lately acquired—Eve, after the Fall, in an attitude of dejection, and wearing an expression of profound sorrow. I could scarcely help fancying that the marble figure mourned the death of the artist to whom it owed its being."

It is a pleasant thing to be a clergyman in Connecticut. The Rev. Mr. Spring, of East Hartford, lost all his property lately by the burning of his dwelling; but his friends got together and made up a purse of $1300 for him, replaced his wardrobe and that of his family, sent him new furniture, and are arranging to build him a new house.

Mr. Walter, who is superintending the work of the Capitol extension, under Captain Meigs, sent his resignation to the President on 16th, to take effect in six days unless Captain Meigs be removed. These two officers have disagreed for some time past. The presence of the architect who designed the Capitol extension, and who is at Washington looking into the defects and showing how his plan has been mutilated, has probably brought the rupture to a head.

The friends of the culprit Powers, who was to have been hanged on the 18th, besieged the President until he granted a respite for a week. The mother of the miserable man threw herself on her knees before Mr. Buchanan, and implored him for mercy in the most heart-rending manner.

Captain H. A. de Reviere, well known as the distinguished French Zouave, and lecturer upon the campaign in the Crimea, has been arrested at New Orleans on a charge of bigamy, and committed for trial.

HORRIBLE MURDER IN MICHIGAN.

The Detroit *Free Press* has the following: "A horrible murder was committed on Tuesday in the town of Mill River Point, Macomb County, near the line of this county. It appears that two brothers and a sister were living in that town. They were French. The sister was the housekeeper of the brothers. The two brothers appeared at the house of a neighbor living some three or four miles distant, at about twelve o'clock night before last, and awakened them. Upon arising, he found the two men in a strange condition. They were both naked, and had bands made of straw tied around their waists. With this exception, there was nothing upon their bodies. They said they wanted shelter and assistance, as people were after them, and were about to take them. Being asked why, they said that they had killed their sister. The story was not credited, and they were taken in and placed in an upper room, which was well guarded, as their actions excited suspicions of insanity.

"Yesterday morning the farmers in the neighborhood gathered together and went to the house of the brothers, and there met a most horrible sight. They found the mangled body of the young girl, stripped naked and lying in a wagon which stood in the road near the house. In the house was found a man who had nearly lost his life in defense of the girl. His name is Defair, which is all that we have respecting his case. The house presented all the traces of a desperate struggle, in which the young girl had been murdered, and then dragged out of doors. Her hair was then cut off close to her head by these mad fiends, and she was thrown into a wagon in the barn-yard, which was then drawn around to where it was found. Her breast was full of gun-shot wounds, and her face was cut up in an undistinguishable mass of gashes. She was then left in her blood, while the murderers sought the neighbors.

"The murderers act like insane men, but have not been previously known as such; and how two persons could thus become insane at a moment's notice, and commit so horrible a deed, is a mystery. They said that they were prompted by God to kill her because she persisted in going to church every Sunday, and asserted that they made three attempts before they accomplished it."

A WHOLE FAMILY DESTROYED BY THE FLOOD.

The following is the statement of the Rev. Horatio Ilsley, whose family, consisting of his wife and eight children, were drowned in the flood at Roscoe, Illinois, on the 3d inst.:

"About eleven or half past eleven o'clock, just after the three children had gone to bed, there was a great rush of water passed the house, and Mrs. I. went to the hall-door with a lantern and looked out. She found the water rushing by with tremendous force on all sides of her, and coming in at the door. She called loudly for help several times, but the water was too deep, and rushing with such tremendous force that no one could then get near the ill-fated house. Mrs. Ilsley called to Horatio, the eldest son, and ran up stairs immediately. She then called to her husband to come up, which he did, and opening one of the windows, again screamed for help, but in vain. At this time he was just coming out of his study, and was standing in the entry, when he heard the children cry out, 'Father, father!' and at the same moment he saw one end of the house fall out with a crash. He then felt the whole house swaying up and down like a boat on a wave, and then it fell into ruins. Just as it fell he heard his wife scream, and that was the last he heard of his family. He immediately found himself in the water, not knowing how he got there; and with no power to help himself, he was tossed about, and hurried along with great velocity to the river. He took in some water then, but had presence of mind enough to guard against taking in any more, and try to keep his head above water. His own simple and touching words best describe his feelings at this awful moment, and shows his faith in that God he so long has served. He says: 'I then commended my soul and my family to God, expecting to meet Him and them in eternity in a moment; and I almost wish I had.' He was carried on until he struck against some flood-wood, and soon after was thrown against a tree, into which he climbed, and managed to maintain himself for some two hours, during which time the people had discovered him, and were making a raft to rescue him, when Mr. Richardson swam out to him, and got hold of him just as his strength failed him, and he was dropping off the limb. When it is remembered that Mr. I. has but one leg, and was in delicate health, his escape from death is almost miraculous."

LIEUTENANT PYM'S VIEW OF THE OUTRAGES.

The Key West correspondent of the *Herald* gives the following account of Lieutenant Pym's views on the outrages as communicated to an American naval officer:

"Lieutenant Pym assured the officer that no new instructions had been given him by his Government, but that he and all his consorts were acting under orders issued in 1849. The activity of the fleet, as manifested by their boarding and firing into some fifty different vessels during the past two months, probably had its origin in this wise: 'A few weeks ago,' said Lieutenant Pym, 'when cruizing off the Moro, I boarded an American vessel that had just left port, and, in answer to inquiries for news, was told that a splendid clipper ship was fitting out for the slave-trade, and would be ready to sail the following day. I accordingly watched for her, and had the satisfaction of taking a valuable prize. She had a complete outfit. A bag containing 2300 doubloons was given up. There were provisions and accommodation for 1500 slaves. The vessel was legally condemned, and sold, with her cargo, for $100,000. The steamer *Styx* being in sight was entitled to one-half of the prize-money, or my share would have been $10,000. As it was, I received $5000 for a couple of hours' work.' We should have said that seventeen shots were fired at the ship before she gave up, all of which were fired by Lieutenant Pym. It is reasonable to suppose that this success has prompted the British fleet to increased zeal in making our ships show their colors. The seizure and condemnation of this clipper ship would prove that respectability, size, and beauty of model in a vessel passing a cruiser at sea was no proof that her mission was a commercial one. Lieutenant Pym asserts that the American newspaper accounts are much exaggerated, and in a great measure false. The seizure of the *Creole*—an account of which has gone all over our land—is an instance of the grossest exaggeration. The captain of that vessel, when overhauled by the gun-boat, threw his flag and his papers into the sea, and declared himself to be a Spaniard. Contraband articles were found on board, and he was clearly proved to be a slaver, and justly condemned and sold."

PERSONAL.

Joseph R. Chandler, of Philadelphia, has been appointed Minister to Naples. Mr. Chandler was formerly the editor of the *United States Gazette*, which, under his control, long stood in the front rank of journalism. It was a conservative, high-toned paper, of the old-fashioned Whig stamp, always decorous and dignified, yet enlivened by wit and remarkable for its sprightly paragraphs. The *Gazette* gave more attention than is usual in a daily paper to literary style and grammatical construction. It once abused its authority by introducing the expression "being built," and hammered it down the throats of the rest of us as good English; and we suppose it is accepted as such, but it is very unpleasant to the ear. Mr. Chandler disposed of the *Gazette* to the publishers of the Philadelphia *North American*, who have continued it with steadily increasing reputation. In 1849 he took his seat in Congress, and continued there till 1855, when he was displaced by the Know-Nothing movement. Mr. Chandler, although of Puritan ancestry, is a Roman Catholic. In the last Presidential election he supported Mr. Buchanan.

Ex-Mayor Wood is not to have his name upon the Worth Monument. It was originally designed to inscribe the words "Fernando Wood, Mayor," on one side of the pedestal; but the Committee of the Board of Aldermen having the matter in charge have reported in favor of omitting them, and inscribing instead—"Honor the brave;" and the Board has adopted the recommendation of the Committee.

A Paris correspondent says: "Mario has refused to sign an engagement with the Italian Opera for the next season. His reason, as given in a letter to one of his friends in Paris, is, that here his expenses are enormous. He says that his salary for the seven months of last season was one hundred and five thousand francs, and that he spent *one hundred and thirty-five thousand!* If the Duke of Candia spends as much for other articles of the toilet as he does for kid gloves—of which it is said he puts on several new pairs every day, never wearing one pair twice—there is no doubt his expenses are what he states. He is now in his villa of Florence, where he has collected treasures of art that do honor to his taste."

The Senate bestowed a worthy compliment upon the Vice-President, at the adjournment, in recording their unanimous appreciation of the urbane and acceptable manner in which he had discharged the difficult and delicate duties of its presiding officer. The resolution was moved by Mr. Seward, the leader of the party opposed to Mr. Breckinridge in sentiment, and was concurred in by every member of every political opinion and prejudice belonging to the body.

A man who was recently sent up to Sing Sing for ten years for burglary, learning that his portrait and life were to appear in one of the papers of this city, ordered five hundred extra copies, which he circulated among his friends.

William Hunt, the distinguished painter, has returned from Fayal, where he has passed the winter and spring. His studio is in Newport.

Miss Mitchell, the astronomer, recently met, in Florence, the distinguished Miss Somerville, who, though nearly eighty years of age, preserves, apparently, all the natural vigor of her faculties.

Mr. William B. Astor, now in Paris, has bought Powers's statue, called "California," for the sum of $7500, and the Hon. Hamilton Fish has bought a third duplicate of the same artist's "Fisher-Boy" for the sum of $1000.

Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, as a mark of her appreciation of the distinguished scientific acquirements of Professor Faraday, has presented him with a residence at Hampton Court, and has given directions to have it furnished at Her Majesty's expense. This is the second tribute of royal respect to the sciences allied to the profession of medicine; the first being that of Professor Owen, the Cuvier of England.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE "BRITISH OUTRAGES" IN PARLIAMENT.

ON 4th instant, in reply to an inquiry from Mr. Wilson, Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald stated that "the American Government had made grave charges against certain British officers, but no official account had been received from those officers. He could only say that, if occurrences such as those complained of had occurred, they would be viewed with the deepest regret by the Government, and immediate explanations given. The fullest information should be laid before Parliament as early as possible. Meanwhile he had only to add that orders had been sent out to the officer in command of the squadron in the Cuban waters to make every inquiry into the subject, and that the greatest caution and forbearance should be exercised toward vessels bearing the American flag."

The general tone of the London press is highly conciliatory to this country; many journals loudly blame the officers of the gun-boats.

THE OFFENDING EDITOR DISCHARGED.

On the 2d instant, in the House of Commons, Washington Wilkes, the editor who was imprisoned for a breach of the privileges of the House, was discharged, having withdrawn the libelous charges made in his journal.

ENGLISH POLICY IN CHINA.

On 3d instant, Mr. Disraeli, in reply to a question, said there had been no rupture of the negotiations which had been opened with the Emperor of China; on the contrary, what the Emperor had done was this—he had not sent to Lord Elgin, at Shanghai, but had sent a message requesting Lord Elgin to meet his messenger at Canton; Lord Elgin, however, had then gone north. He could not lay Lord Elgin's instructions on the table, because, as we were acting with allies, it would be inconvenient to the public service.

And again, in response to inquiries by Lord John Russell as to the affairs in China, he said it was impossible for him to afford any fresh information upon the subject. The present Government had extended to Lord Elgin the same wide discretion given him by the former Government, but they were not aware of his motive in proceeding to the northward after he had been invited by the Chinese Government to repair to Canton; and what demands he had required from the Chinese Government they could not say.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH EXPERIMENT.

The Atlantic Telegraph Fleet returned to Plymouth from their experimental trip on the 3d instant. The experiment of paying out the cable in water nearly three miles deep, and much deeper than it is any where between Ireland and Newfoundland, was entirely successful, and the new machinery is pronounced perfect. The operation of splicing was performed four times, and the cable was paid out at the rate of seven to eight knots per hour. The expedition finally starts from Plymouth on the 9th or 10th of June.

THE NATURE OF THE EXPERIMENT.

The *Herald* correspondent thus describes the nature of the experiment: "A consultation was had between the captains and the engineers of the Company in regard to the point at which the vessels should commence their experiments, and after due deliberation it was decided that lat. 47°, long. 10°, would be quite far enough. This is just on the verge of the Bay of Biscay, which bears such a terrible reputation for boisterous weather, and which it was supposed would afford every opportunity for testing the practicability of splicing and laying the cable in a rough sea and under the most unfavorable circumstances. So lat. 47°, long. 10°, was selected as the precise locality for the experiments.

* * * * * * *

"We were now in lat. 47° 12′ N., long. 9° 32′ W., or about thirty miles distant from the point decided upon before starting from Plymouth, and, as it was subsequently shown by the soundings of the *Gorgon*, in 2530 fathoms water. This, then, it was evident, was the place we were in search of, and it was determined that we should proceed to make our experiments at once. According to the memoranda drawn up by the engineers, the *Niagara* approached the *Agamemnon* within a convenient distance, when a line was passed in a boat to the *Agamemnon*, by which a hawser was hauled on board the latter, and by which also the two ships were fastened stern to stern. It must not be supposed from this, however, that they were actually in contact, for they were some seven or eight hundred feet apart, and, as each vessel had steam up, there was no danger, with proper management, of their coming in collision. The two vessels now being firmly secured, the end of the telegraph cable was passed from the *Niagara* to the *Agamemnon*, where it was agreed the splice should be effected. The object of this experiment was to prove the practicability of accomplishing what is, or was considered, one of the most difficult operations of the whole expedition—the splicing and submerging of the cable in mid-ocean. The greatest interest was manifested on board our ship while the splicing was being performed on the *Agamemnon*, and every one was impatient to see the cable lowered from her stern.

THE CABLE OVERBOARD.

"Although the work was performed with praiseworthy celerity, it was about half-past five when the signal was displayed from that ship announcing that they were ready, and a few minutes after we could see the spliced portion hanging over the stern. Down it went until it disappeared below the surface, and the revolving cable wheel on the stern proved that it was on its way to the bottom, which lay at a depth of some twenty-five hundred fathoms beneath the ship. 'A length of cable' having been 'payed out' from the *Agamemnon* equal to the quantity used in passing the cable from ship to ship, so that the splice might be in the centre of the line formed by the cable between the ships, a flag was hoisted from the *Agamemnon* conveying intelligence of the fact to the *Niagara*. This was answered by a similar signal on the *Niagara*, when the two commenced paying out a quarter of a mile of cable each, at the rate of a mile an hour.

"The cable used in this trial was a portion of that which had been laid last year, and which was much weakened by exposure. In some parts the outer wires or protecting armor was so oxydized that the rust had rotted the hemp which covered the gutta percha. For this reason it parted several times during the experiments, but at the same time without interfering with their successful accomplishment.

"A quarter of a mile, as has been stated, was paid out, and, in conformity with the 'memoranda,' the signals on both ships were hauled down, indicating that no more paying out should be done until they were again displayed. About ten minutes elapsed, when the flags were hoisted, and another quarter of a mile was let down into the sea at the same speed—a mile an hour. This process was repeated until a whole mile had been run out from the coil and over the machinery of each ship, making a total expenditure of two miles from both vessels. The experiments were continued for two days, with very satisfactory results, as stated above."

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S TROUBLES.

The London correspondent of the *Herald* says: "Certain vague and painful rumors have been going the rounds of London society for the last week or two, and now they assume definite form. The great novelist, and delineator of the character of the inimitable Mr. Pecksniff, has separated from his wife. There are various rumors on the subject, but I am assured of the truth of the following: It is given out that the cause of their separation is incompatibility of temper. That is all fudge. A married life of twenty-two years, nearly a dozen children, a spotless life on the part of the wife and mother, and now to have uncongenial temper cause a separation, is simply preposterous. You know how exceedingly philanthropic Mr. Dickens, Mr. Wilkie Collins, Mr. Mark Lemon, and Mr. Bulwer Lytton have been of late years; the honorable baronet, the M. P. for Hertfordshire, writing a play to prove that we are not so bad as we seem, and the more youthful *litterateurs* putting on the sock or buskin—I really do not know which—and acting the tame nonsense to a very select company of very amiable persons—'old maids of both sexes,' as Christopher North would say—all for the ostensible purpose of assisting some charity. At these amateur theatricals it was necessary to get some histrionic talent beyond the benevolent projectors, and a Miss Ternan, well known in Manchester, and latterly on the London boards, was one of the *artistes* selected to bear a part. A very pure and very platonic affection sprang up between this young lady and the author of Pickwick. I am told she has been on very friendly and familiar visiting terms with Mr. Dickens's family. She is now charged with being the cause of the separation that has just taken place between the eminent author and his wife. The affair has not been out quite long enough yet, I believe, to get in the journals, but very soon the whole world and his wife will be gossiping, and laying their heads together, and rolling the sweet morsels under their tongues as something terrible to contemplate. Dickens does not get much sympathy, the public generally deciding, as it does usually in such cases, in favor of the lady. It is the demon in the household, the shadow on the wall, that has been at his elbow for years, and will form the staple for many a narrative. Mr. Dickens's daughters reside with the father, but his son Charles sticks to his mother."

THE HOUSEHOLD OF MR. DICKENS.

We take much pleasure in giving circulation to the following card from Mr. Dickens:

"Three-and-twenty years have passed since I entered on my present relations with the public. They began when I was so young that I find them to have existed for nearly a quarter of a century.

"Through all that time I have tried to be as faithful to the public as they have been to me. It was my duty never to trifle with them or to deceive them, or presume upon their favor, or do any thing with it but work hard to justify it. I have always endeavored to discharge that duty.

"My conspicuous position has often made me the subject of fabulous stories and unaccountable statements. Occasionally such things have chafed me, or even wounded me; but I have always accepted them as the shadows inseparable from the light of my notoriety and success. I have never obtruded any such personal uneasiness of mine upon the generous aggregate of my audience.

"For the first time in my life, and I believe for the last, I now deviate from the principle I have so long observed, by presenting myself in my own journal in my own private character, and entreating all my brethren (as they deem that they have reason to think well of me, and to know that I am a man who has ever been unaffectedly true to our common calling) to lend their aid to the dissemination of my present words.

"Some domestic trouble of mine of long standing, on which I will make no further remark than that it claims to be respected as being of a sacredly private nature, has lately been brought to an arrangement which involves no anger or ill-will of any kind, and the whole origin, progress, and surrounding circumstances of which have been, throughout, within the knowledge of my children. It is amicably composed, and its details have now but to be forgotten by those concerned in it.

"By some means arising out of wickedness, or out of folly, or out of inconceivable wild chance, or out of all three, this trouble has been made the occasion of misrepresentations, most grossly false, most monstrous, and most cruel—involving not only me, but innocent persons dear to my heart, and innocent persons of whom I have no knowledge, if, indeed, they have any existence—and so widely spread that I doubt if one reader in a thousand will peruse these lines by whom some touch of the breath of these slanders will not have passed like an unwholesome air.

"Those who know me and my nature need no assurance under my hand that such calumnies are as irreconcilable with me as they are, in their frantic incoherence, with one another. But there is a great multitude who know me through my writings, and who do not know me otherwise; and I can not bear that one of them should be left in doubt, or hazard of doubt, through my poorly shrinking from taking the usual means to which I now resort of circulating the truth.

"I most solemnly declare, then—and this I do, both in my own name and in my wife's—that all the lately whispered rumors touching the trouble at which I have glanced are abominably false, and that whosoever repeats one of them after this denial will lie as willfully and as foully as it is possible for any false witness to lie before Heaven and earth. CHARLES DICKENS."

ANOTHER LIVERPOOL MERCHANT PRINCE.

Mr. Charles Melly, a Liverpool merchant, to whom the public of that town are indebted for its numerous beautiful drinking fountains, has just established, at his own cost, a free public gymnasium for the working classes of Liverpool, to whom he has issued the following address: "Friends—This play-ground is intended for your enjoyment, and is placed under your care. The poles, ropes, ladders, and chains will bear any fair usage; it will be for you to protect them from willful damage. The trees will adorn your play-ground if they are allowed to grow up, and you will, I am sure, prevent them from being destroyed. This play-ground is hereby placed in your hands; let it be used for the purposes for which it is obviously intended. Let good humor and good temper prevail. Let there be no quarreling among yourselves; and allow no stone-throwing or fighting among your younger members. It rests with you whether the first attempt at free out-door amusement in our town be a success or a failure.—CHARLES P. MELLY.—Liverpool, June 1, 1858."

FRANCE.

CONCESSIONS BY THE EMPEROR.

The Minister of the Interior has addressed further instructions to the prefects on the subject of the sale of the landed property of the charitable establishments in France, which materially modify the effect of his circular on the same subject. Public opinion, it would seem, has still some power in France; and there are limits beyond which it is not deemed quite prudent to venture.

In another matter also, the Emperor has thought it best to make a little concession. The works which are being executed in the Tuileries for the formation of a reserved garden will not interfere with the grand avenue, which is to remain open to the public. The present arrangement of the statues and vases will be changed. The sunk fence near the palace will disappear altogether. The reserved garden will be closed when the Emperor and Empress occupy the Tuileries—that is, in December, January, February, March, and April—but it will be open to the public during the rest of the year.

THE DE PENE AFFAIR.

The lieutenants who so well encompassed the death of M. de Pène were examined by the Judge of Instruction at Versailles; and, at the conclusion of the proceedings, they were invited to a splendid banquet by the officers of the garrison of the latter town. It is said that the colonel commandant actually met them as they came out of the judge's office, and escorted them to the festive board. The colonel presided, and the loudest demonstrations of sympathy with these young criminals were made by their military brethren.

A serious degree of alarm is felt in Paris at the proportions now assumed by the quarrel between the military and civilians. At the military entertainments of Hyène and his second, the toast "To the total annihilation of journalism and journalists throughout Europe" was drunk. De Pène was completely exhausted by an attempt to take his deposition on Saturday, the 29th.

Henri de Pène is so far better that his removal from the wretched hovel at St. Germains to Paris is now in contemplation.

The French Government has aimed another blow at the press by depriving *Figaro* and other small unstamped journals of the privilege of publishing advertisements. The *Figaro* has been sold for $40,000.

THE AMERICAN CHAPEL.

The *Herald* correspondent says: "The American chapel in the Rue de Berri, in Paris, is becoming quite a place of fashionable resort. The chapel is of singularly chaste design. There has been no covetousness in regard to space, and the most liberal allowance is made to every seat. The passages between the seats are large and ample, and the seats themselves every way commodious. What is better than all, the minister appointed (the Rev. Mr. Seeley) is a gentleman of learning and scholarship. His discourses are worthy of an audience of the highest caste, and his delivery—notwithstanding he labors under the defect of a weak voice—is deeply impressive and convincing. In every way the American chapel has been a happy thought. Useful as a place of worship, and highly creditable as representing the United States in the most beautiful city in Europe. The long array of superb equipages which throng the door is sufficient evidence of the wealthy class of hearers Mr. Seeley has attracted to his fold. The singing is excellent, and the tone of the organs every thing that could be desired. The Episcopal service is performed in the morning. In the evening the lessons only are read, and a short extempore prayer delivered by the minister before the sermon, which last is generally about three quarters of an hour in length. The greatest courtesy is shown to all strangers."

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS IN FRANCE.

A commission, some time ago, charged to make investigations respecting railway accidents, has terminated its labors. It has ascertained that since the 7th of September, 1835, when the first railway with locomotives was worked in France, up to the 31st of December, 1855, there were 513 accidents—274 consisting of runnings off rails, and 239 of collisions. Of the 513, 252 were caused by railway officials. The number of victims of these accidents was 2374, of whom 1553 were injured, and 821 killed. Of the total, 472 of the injured and 151 of the killed were travelers; the rest were persons in the employment of the companies. Six accidents caused 97 deaths—Versailles, Left Bank, in 1842, 52; Fampoux, in 1846, 12; Orsay, in 1854, 3; Vaugirard, in 1855, 9; Moret, in 1855, 16; and Peltre, in 1855, 5. In order to compare the accidents on the railways with those caused by diligences, the commission states that the two principal diligence companies had, from 1846 to 1855, accidents which caused the deaths of 20 persons, and injured 258 others, the number of passengers conveyed being 7,109,276. Supposing travelers alone to have been the victims, the proportion is 1 death for every 355,463. On railways the proportion is 1 death for every 357,092, which is nearly the same proportion. It appears, also, from the inquiries of the commission, that railway accident are more frequent in England that in France, and more frequent in France than in Prussia or Belgium.

PRUSSIA.

THE PRINCESS FREDERICK WILLIAM AN INVALID.

A Berlin letter says: "Our charming little Princess (often called here 'Madame la Princess Royale') has been confined to her sofa these last three weeks, in consequence of having sprained her ankle while descending the palace stair-case. She is, however, recovered sufficiently to be removed to Babelsburg—a beautiful chateau near Potsdam, where she enjoys the fresh air and the beauties of the country, and is wheeled about in a very pretty Merlin chair, sent over from London by the Queen of England. Rumors are afloat here that an event of much interest to the royal family will take place before the end of the year. However this may be, the Princess looks delicate. The attention of her royal consort has been unremitting, and he often carries her in his arms to and from the sofa. The journey of the royal pair to Dantzic and Königsberg is fixed for the 12th of June, and loyal demonstrations are preparing to receive them. The Princess, with characteristic courage, refused to allow this journey to be postponed. The inquiries of the Court circle, as well as of the citizens, as to the health of their much-loved Crown Princess, have been numerous and unremitting, but no official bulletins have been or will be published."

SWEDEN.

RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE.

The expulsion from Sweden of five women on account of their conversion from the Lutheran creed to Roman Catholicism has excited great indignation. The energetic protests of the *Union* and *Univers* have met with the ready approval of the *Siècle*, which has hastened to offer its contribution to a fund opened by one of the Catholic journals in favor of these women. A Protestant paper, the *Lien*, published in Paris, pronounces a severe censure on the verdict of the court of Stockholm, and two Protestant clergymen have inscribed their names in the subscription formed by Catholics. The *Patrie* notices that the Swedish Government can not in equity be held responsible for a measure based on the extravagant interpretation of an ancient law. In fact, the Government did all they could to prevent this scandal to the principles of religious toleration by protracting the trial, so as to have the principle once more discussed by the Diet, where, unhappily, the majority was bigoted in its Protestantism. The *Aftonblad*, of Stockholm, advises the women not to appeal to the Supreme Court, as, under existing circumstances, there is not the slightest chance of the judgment of the Royal Court being modified. Such an appeal would only serve, it declares, to delay their departure until the winter.

It is rumored that France and England have both made representations to Sweden touching the frightful examples of religious intolerance lately exhibited in that country.

ITALY.

EFFECT OF THEATRE-GOING.

A Naples letter says: "An extraordinary catastrophe occurred here lately in one of the principal families of the city. The Marchesa Castelluccio took her three children, of whom the eldest is scarcely eight, to the Fiorentini theatre to see Alfieri's tragedy of *Orestes*, and the performance made a great impression on them. The next day, to amuse themselves, the children imitated the last scene; the eldest boy, taking a kitchen knife as a poniard, plunged it into his sister's throat, and inflicted so serious a wound that she died in a few minutes. He then wounded his younger brother dangerously, and afterward plunged the knife into his own breast near the heart, inflicting a very serious wound. At this moment the mother entered, and her despair at finding one child dead and the other two dangerously wounded may be imagined."

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS—PREMONITORY SYMPTOMS.

A gentleman who visited Vesuvius just before the eruption, gives the following account of what he saw: "As we were about to start, a French party came in from the top of the mountain, and told us they had seen a grand sight of lava; we therefore pushed along briskly, the strange cloud hanging more heavily over the 'Atrio del Cavallo,' and which I now resolved in my own mind was clearly smoke.

"The Resina guide now informed us, for the first time, that lava was flowing through the valley of the 'Atrio del Cavallo,' and that the ordinary path to ascend the cone to the crater was cut off, and he brought us forward over a path seldom traveled, and of a most difficult nature; we, however, proceeded, the cloud of smoke increasing as we went, on all sides; we had to part with our horses and proceed on foot, and had not gone over 300 or 400 yards from where we left the horses, when we came up to an enormous mass of hot lava rolling onward toward the Somma, and we now became aware we were in the immediate neighborhood of a considerable eruption; our anxiety now became great indeed, and we pressed forward, and presently arrived at a wonderful scene. The entire of the lower part of the great cone of Vesuvius appeared on fire, and thick masses of smoke were thrown up, mixed with red-hot stones and flakes of lava; traveling over a most rugged way of old lava, we made our way up to the point whence the stones, lava, and smoke seemed to rise in greatest quantities, and we arrived on a rise just over the greatest fissure.

"It is difficult to explain our feelings on beholding this wonderful and unexpected sight. We here found several guides, and from them we learned that at about nine o'clock A.M. that morning a number of small craters and fissures had suddenly opened, and lava had commenced pouring out.

"It was now nearly five o'clock, and we went quite close up to the largest crater, which we were enabled to do, as the wind blew steady and strong down the valley, and thus we got within eight or ten yards of the next open. From this we counted five or six distinct fountains of fire, the largest putting forth volumes of smoke, stones, and lava; from another a literal fountain of burning matter was ejected; and from all lava and smoke poured forth in greater or less quantities, the whole torrent of lava uniting into a regular stream of red burning liquid, pouring down the incline side of the valley.

THE DESCENT BY NIGHT.

"Our guide now urged us to descend. The lava was running exactly toward the path close to Monte Somma on which we had traveled, and it was quite evident that the smoke, which was blown down the valley toward the sea, would, in the event of a change of wind, leave our only path of return in a most impassable condition.

"We therefore hastened to descend the cove as well as we could, the conflagration lending us a partial glary light. The descent was difficult and dangerous, sand up to our ankles, intermixed with large lumps of old lava. Every moment we were in fear of tumbling head foremost down the precipitate descent. We, however, got safe to the bottom of the cone, and had now to pass the narrow space between the burning lava and Monte Somma, which here presents a face of perpendicular rock, perfectly inaccessible, and we became quite aware the torrent of lava might intercept our passage totally; we could not possibly get up the side of Monte Somma.

"I must confess I felt here considerably nervous, and I saw the double danger of the lava stopping our path and that of a change of wind, which would certainly have smothered us in an instant; and as we pressed on over the rugged road we saw the eruption increasing momentarily. In one place the lava was rolling down the valley in an enormous burning wave, perfectly red-hot and only a few yards from us, and at our point of exit we could see little or no room to pass; and although the sight was one of wonder I never expected to witness, yet we were obliged to press along smartly for our departure through the fiery gate, and when we did arrive at the point of exit, not ten feet remained between the side of the rock and the burning mass of lava. Our guide, however, pressed on briskly, and we passed the ordeal, not without feeling, I must say, excessively uncomfortable from the great heat and the near approach of this fearful burning mass, and, having passed, we rested to see the wonderful sight, now rapidly increasing."

PROSPECT OF GREAT INJURY.

The correspondent of the *Times* adds:

"NAPLES, *May* 31, 1858.

"Since Saturday the eruption has proceeded with constantly increasing violence, and has presented at night a more and more magnificent spectacle. In my last letter I mentioned that there issued from the great basin of fire in the Atrio a single stream of lava, which, after a tortuous course, was descending the declivity of the mountain. This stream has continued its course, varying in breadth according to the accidents of the ground, and seems now to direct itself to a point between Portici and Torre del Greco, but much nearer the latter than the former. It approaches close to the scattered farm-houses which lie above the towns at the foot of the mountain, many of which it can scarcely fail to destroy.

"In the afternoons of Saturday and Sunday, two other streams of lava broke out of the great basin, and are descending the mountains toward the neighborhood of Portici. These streams seem to follow the direction of ravines, which run nearly parallel to the ridge on which the observatory and the hermitage stand. These buildings have been hitherto saved from submersion by the lava, by their great elevation, the fluid naturally following the direction of the lower ground at either side of them.

"Last night the spectacle was peculiarly grand and imposing. The lava was poured in increased quantity along each of the streams already established, and being in a high state of incandesence, presented a peculiarly splendid appearance.

"About eight o'clock an immense torrent of lava broke over the ridge which confines the basin of craters in the direction of the Somma. It flowed down the declivity of the Somma as an immense torrent of liquid fire, and with such extraordinary rapidity that in less than an hour it had descended through a considerable portion of the mountain. Its progress was then retarded, partly by the diminished steepness of the ground and partly by transverse ravines, which must be filled before the fluid can advance. Nothing could exceed the splendor of this torrent of liquid fire, forming the fourth principal stream of lava; but the most extraordinary burst of splendor which has been presented since the commencement of the eruption took place soon after nine o'clock, when all the mouths seemed to be simultaneously called into violent action, and to vomit forth such torrents of lava that the entire mountain seemed one blaze of fire; the varied colors produced in different parts, owing probably in part to reflection, presented a beautiful and striking appearance. The lurid light diffused from this enormous burning mass rendered visible the subjacent country, the towns, the coast, and the bay.

"On each night several thousands of persons of all ranks, from the peer to the peasant, urged by curiosity, repair to the scene of this extraordinary spectacle. The darkness being complete, and the route in many parts difficult, each party is furnished with a torch, and the view of these hundreds of torches flitting about between the streams of lava is most curious, presenting the appearance of multitudes of fire-flies.

"The hermitage, which is close to the great basin of craters and rivers of lava, is approached by a tolerably good carriage-road, and, as may be supposed, hundreds of vehicles of every description, from the calêche of the millionaire to the humble coricolo, are collected there toward midnight. Donkey parties abound, of which ladies do not fear to form a part."

ST. HELENA.

LONGWOOD GRANTED TO THE FRENCH.

The St. Helena *Herald* of the 4th of March contains an ordinance of the Governor, granting to the Emperor of the French, and his heirs in perpetuity, the lands forming the sites of Longwood and the tomb of Napoleon I. The lands in Napoleon's Vale, where the tomb is situated, comprise about twenty-three acres, while those of Longwood comprise about three acres. They recently belonged to private owners, and have been purchased by the Crown for the purpose of the present transfer at a cost of £1600 for the tomb, and £3500 for the house.

INDIA.

THE LATEST NEWS.

A week's later news from India has been received in England, *via* Alexandria and the telegraph from Malta.

Sir Hugh Rose met the rebels and defeated them with great slaughter, no less than four hundred having been left dead on the field. The rebels are collecting rapidly at Calpee, where they are making another stand against the British forces. Nena Sahib seems to have become somewhat alarmed for his own safety, and attempted to escape to Central India. His retreat is, however, cut off. A detachment of Europeans and Ghoorkas have been repulsed by the rebels in the mountains.

THE HEAT.

Mr. Russell writes: "The thermometer at 108° in the shade, and inside the tent at noon three days ago, was a warning of unmistakable cogency that 'summer was coming.' Since that time the heat has not been quite so great, but the hot winds, which set in about ten o'clock daily and last until sunset, are all but intolerable, charged as they are with dust of a revolting nature, which fills every pore and fires the blood—which seems to penetrate the internal mechanism of the body, as it does in reality force its way into the works of a watch—which renders all out-of-door exercise a sort of severe penitential infliction, and makes dwelling in tents utterly miserable and hopeless. By the time this letter reaches you—and when that may be I have not the slightest notion—you will be enjoying the rigors of the merry month of May, and, in common with the rest of the English army, I shall be experiencing the pleasures of an Indian summer; but already has the premonitory symptom of the latter satisfied me that campaigning can only be conducted at an enormous cost. The hottest day that comes, let some one, who is sincerely desirous of understanding what the dry winds are like, repair to any iron-foundry in full activity, and stand in front of the fire when the furnace-door is opened; but unless he can add to it the odors procurable by standing over the grating of a Strand cook-shop in the dog-days, he will have but a poor idea of the nastiness of the blast, which, sweeping over burning, sandy plains covered with putrefying remains, whisks clouds of pulverized animal matter along with it, and rushes in dense yellow all over the city and the plains around it. To the increasing heat there is added length of days, greater power to the wind, and, if possible, more dust. Of the latter it is quite beyond the powers of writing to give a description. It is so fine and subtle, that long after the causes which raised it have ceased to exert their influence, you may see it like a vail of gauze between your eyes and every object. The sun, while yet six or seven degrees above the horizon, is hid from sight by it as though the luminary were enveloped in a thick fog, and at early morning and evening this vapor of dust, suspended high in air, seems like a rain cloud clinging to a hill-side. When this dust is set rapidly in motion by a hot wind, and when the grosser sand, composed of minute fragments of talc, scales of mica, and earth, is impelled in quick, successive waves through the heated atmosphere, the effect is quite sufficient to make one detest India forever. Every article in your tent, your hair, eyes, and nose are filled and covered with this dust, which deposits a coating half an inch thick all over the tent."

CHINA.

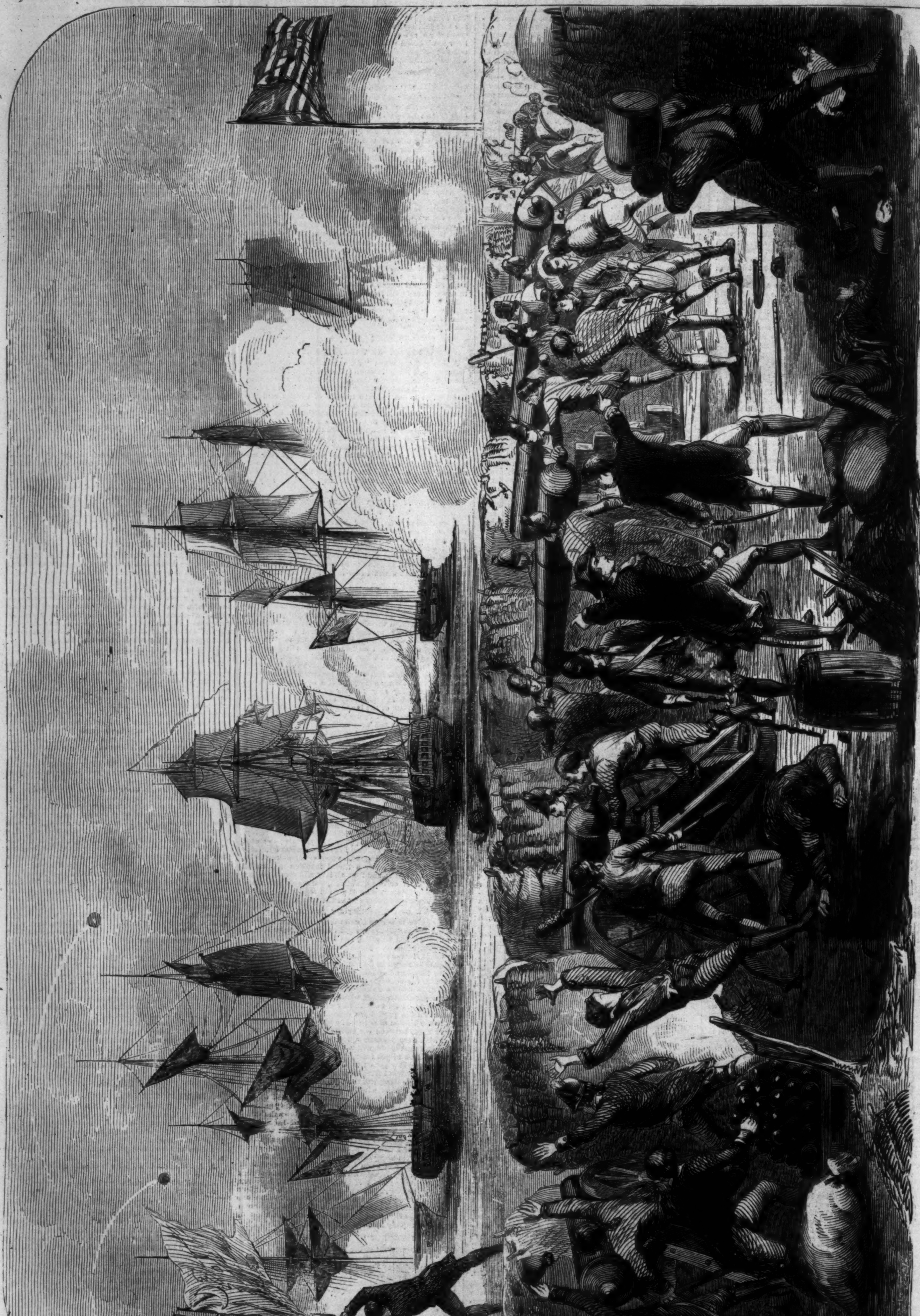
WHAT THE BELLIGERENTS WANT.

The *Evening Post* states, on the authority of a private letter, that the Plenipotentiaries have agreed to make the following demands of the Chinese Government:

1. The opening of the coast and great rivers of China to foreign commerce;
2. The access of foreigners to the interior, under the restrictions of passports;
3. A reduction of duties on certain articles of commerce;
4. Residence of an embassy at Pekin;
5. Indemnity—but no territory.

MORE TORTURES.

The *Morning Post* correspondent thus writes: "It is now about a week since that two maimed and mutilated wretches crawled into our lines. They were coolies in our pay, but having wandered away from our camp had been seized by the mandarins in the very city of Canton, within sight of our sentries, and almost within call of the yamun where our commissioners were sitting adjudicating laws. They were conveyed away to the city jail, and there cruelly tortured, wedges having been driven into the bones of both legs, crushing the ankles. By some means or other these poor wretches were permitted to escape, when they crawled, as well as they were able, to those they knew would protect them, and through the medium of an interpreter made known the atrocities that had been committed. From statements thus made, the city jail and another jail in the distant western suburb were visited, where several more of these, our own coolies, were discovered, all more or less subjected to torture. The gun-boat that came down last evening brought word that six more of these coolies had presented themselves within our lines on the previous evening, with their legs frightfully mutilated."



THE ATTACK ON FORT MOULTRIE, SULLIVAN'S ISLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA, ON JUNE 28, 1776.

THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH, NEW JERSEY, ON JUNE 28, 1778.

THE BATTLES OF MONMOUTH AND SULLIVAN'S ISLAND.

On the 28th of June, two of the most important battles in the Revolutionary struggle were fought. These were the battle of Monmouth and the attack on Sullivan's Island in the harbor of Charleston.

To understand the former, the reader must be aware that the British had, almost throughout the Revolutionary struggle, maintained the control of the Jerseys. In the spring of 1778 the British commander felt the necessity of concentrating his forces and occupying a shorter line of coast. Accordingly, in the month of May of that year, it was resolved to evacuate Philadelphia, and measures were taken for the conveyance of all the military stores from thence to New York. Washington was at the time encamped at Valley Forge; his army was suffering acutely from want of provisions and from inadequate supplies of all kinds. The chief eagerly seized the opportunity for active motion.

The Delaware was instantly crossed, and the entire American army under Washington was in pursuit of the enemy. The chief, as it seems, was in favor of an immediate attack with the whole army. Some of his officers were in favor of merely harassing the enemy's retreat. Lee and others, again, were opposed to any interference with the retreating column. Contrary to his usual practice, Washington allowed himself to be somewhat swayed by the counsels of his officers, and merely ordered out a few detachments, under Lafayette and Lee, to harass the enemy in their march eastward. This policy was but temporary.

By 27th June it was obvious that a general action was inevitable, and General Lee was ordered to prepare for battle. Sunday, 28th, was the hottest day of the season. As day broke, the British showed that they were ready for the conflict. General Knyphausen set his troops in motion at early dawn. After breakfast, Sir Henry Clinton followed his example. Dispatches were forwarded to General Washington, who was in the rear, and orders from him directed Lee to commence the attack at once. Lee obeyed. The entire advance column of the American army was set in motion, and both the flanks of the British army were simultaneously attacked. Clinton, who commanded the English, perceived the danger, and instantly concentrating his forces, made a furious attack on Wayne's corps. Lafayette desired earnestly to be allowed to operate a diversion by attacking the enemy in the rear; but Lee, for some reason or other, would not allow it.

"You do not know English troops," he said; "we must take care, for at the first shock our men will give way."

A few minutes afterward, before the action had become general, indeed before any musketry had been used, Lee gave the word to retreat. No one has ever satisfactorily accounted for this movement. Lee is known to have been a man of undoubted courage, and a general of more than average skill. It has been asserted that he fell back purposely, in order to disgrace his chief; but this is hardly credible. On the other hand, it is said that Lee's force was quite inadequate, in the position it occupied, to sustain a conflict with the entire army of the enemy, and that to maintain himself would have involved an unjustifiable sacrifice of men. Whatever his motives were, it is certain that he ordered a retreat, and while he was leading his men from the field, he was met by Washington, who expressed, in indignant terms, his dissatisfaction at the retreat of the advanced body without a general action. Our artist has selected this moment as the most dramatic point of the battle, to be the subject of his picture. What precise words Washington used it is now difficult to tell. They were, no doubt, homely, energetic, and precise. They were followed instantly by action.

Washington ordered up his reserves, and a general action began. It is not necessary for our purpose to delineate the features of the battle of Monmouth. It will be enough to say that, beginning with the retreat of the Americans, it ended in their victory. Washington had planted his cannon in commanding positions; with his two other arms he commenced a contest which was only terminated by night. Both parties fought with determined resolution: when night came, the soldiers on either side lay down where they were and slept. Such was the heat that many have wondered at the small number of deaths from sunstroke.

When the sun went down, English and Americans occupied their respective positions. But Sir Henry Clinton was too experienced a soldier to continue the contest. At midnight orders were given throughout the British camp to strike the tents, and long before daybreak the field of battle and its vicinity were in possession of the Americans. The loss was comparatively moderate on both sides; but the practical victory remained with the Americans. By the time the Americans were astir, the British were in full retreat toward Sandy Hook.

The other battle portrayed by our artist, is the famous attack on Sullivan's Island, South Carolina, by the British fleet under Sir Peter Parker, on 28th June, 1776. Charleston was one of the points which the enemy deemed it peculiarly necessary to occupy. Accordingly, in June, 1776, a powerful fleet, commanded by Sir Peter Parker, sailed over the bar at the mouth of the harbor, and prepared for the attack. Some five or six hundred men were landed on Long Island, under Sir Henry Clinton, in order to attack the fort on Sullivan's Island in the rear. Early in the morning of the 28th, the assault commenced by the firing of a broadside from Sir Peter Parker's flag-ship, the *Bristol*. It was promptly returned from the fort, and the action soon became general. All the vessels of the British squadron sailed into the channel between Sullivan's Island and the opposite shallows, and opened fire. On the other side, General Clinton commenced offensive operations in the rear from Long Island.

The fighting lasted all day. The advantage of metal was on the side of the enemy; that of position, coolness, and skill on that of the Americans. So well was the fire of the fort managed, that hardly a shot was fired which did not tell; while the British shells fell into a large tank which had been prepared for their reception inside the fort, and the round shot buried themselves harmlessly in the palmetto logs. So destructive was the American fire, that toward the close of the day there was but one man—the Admiral—standing unhurt on the decks of the *Bristol*: this is the scene which our artist has portrayed.

The land force, under Sir Henry Clinton, fought bravely enough all day, but made no progress. They could not gain a foothold on Sullivan's Island; and, witnessing the defeat of the fleet, they were glad to relinquish the attempt and to seek shelter on board the ships. At nightfall, the vessels slipped their cables, and having received on board the men they had landed on Long Island, stood out to sea. So ended the Battle of Charleston harbor—a conflict which has immortalized Colonel Moultrie, whose name the fort now bears, and Serjeant Jasper, the hero of the flag-staff, who is commemorated by one of the principal streets of Charleston. It is well that these stirring scenes should not be forgotten.

"ENTER FIRST CITIZEN."

The first time I saw him he wore a brown tunic, of the value of ten cents a yard; he had orange-colored legs; his naked arm was branded with a rude device, indicating that he had been carelessly leaning against a fresh-painted wing; and in his hand he bore a staff, as Roman citizens are wont to do on the stage. His name was not in the bills; he was an "auxiliary"—one of that stalwart band which fills the eye of an audience when the stage-directions say, "Enter citizens" or "soldiers." On this particular evening he appeared to be a fellow of turbulent disposition; and though he spoke but seldom, his actions and bearing were so rebellious, that, in the course of the evening, he and his disorderly comrades were thrice driven from the scene by a small but determined body of lictors, consisting of two men and a youth—an illustration of the natural triumph of discipline over revolutionary anarchy. I next saw him as the "servant, with a torch," in "Macbeth." He was that Scottish menial who receives directions relative to the Thane's drink, and is then summarily sent to bed by his agitated master. He had the same legs and tunic, but the tunic was this time adorned with plaid by the liberal management. Since then I have seen him fighting in the wars of York and Lancaster, enlisting, with careless bravery, sometimes under the White, and sometimes under the Red, Rose. His modest merit has been rewarded with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, given by the Emperor himself, in the spectacle of "Napoleon;" and with undaunted patriotism, he has battled for liberty under the immortal Washington, for no reward save the consciousness of duty fulfilled, and the small nightly stipend received, not regularly, from the theatre. After a grand personation of a loyal Sepoy in the "Cataract of the Ganges," he has, a few nights after, assumed the character of that traitorous rascal who receives his death-blow from Mr. Forrest, in the council-chamber scene of "Metamora."

He was a man of genial presence; a mild blue eye gave a guilelessness to a face whose general expression was not unpleasing, and although he appeared on the stage so often in connection with the famous legend, "S. P. Q. R.," that he might have been considered a type of the senate and people of Rome, his amiable features seemed out of place in the mobs and legions of that great empire. However, he was soiled by no histrionic conceit; and even sometimes came on to remove tables, chairs, and loose properties, preparatory to a change of scene, receiving the customary hoots of the "gods" with the equanimity of a well-balanced mind.

Notwithstanding the simplicity of his duties, I became interested in the man; and one night, pointing him out to a person attached to the theatre, asked his name. It was, as I had supposed, Jones. There was, indeed, a chance of its being Smith; but having a presentiment in favor of Jones, I had already rejected that remote possibility. His Christian name was unknown, but, owing to the Roman circumstances in which I had so often seen him placed, he was, by an unconscious movement of the mind, imbedded in my memory as S. P. Q. R. Jones.

One day, fractures suddenly appearing in some window-panes at my house—nobody knew when or how the damage was done, and, as we had neither cat nor children, I, of course, believed the glass had fallen to pieces from old age, especially as I had never known a servant of alien birth to state any thing but artless truth—I sent to a neighboring glazier for aid, who dispatched to me one of his journeymen. It was S. P. Q. R. Jones—a painter and glazier by day; at night, a Roman senator, or some gallant, though generally speechless, knight, near the loved person of his liege and honored king.

I spoke to him, commencing with a little of that flattery not utterly despised by any profession, but which strikes the not unexpectant ear of an actor or musician with singular pleasure. Supposing, in my ignorance, it impossible to be a glazier and professional gentleman at the same time, I asked him how he contrived it?

"The manager and I have long been professionally connected," said he. "He finds me trustworthy, and willing to do many little jobs about the theatre, so he excuses me from rehearsals. In this way I have all the daytime for my trade. I very seldom have any thing to say on the stage; and when there are one or two lines in the part, I can commit them in a few minutes; and in all the stock pieces I know my exits and entrances by heart. You must know I always had a liking for the stage; my wife, too, was one of the profession; she played chamber-maids, and such like; but her voice was not very strong; so, since her marriage, she hasn't been on in speaking parts. She is a villager sometimes, or a virgin of the sun, when an extra force is wanted; but never appears except on extraordinary occasions, as we have a little girl at home, too young to be left alone; and the manager don't like to see children about the theatre, which is very proper."

With this explanation he set the panes of glass in the places of those which nobody had broken, and went away whistling some familiar music from the "Forty Thieves."

After this interview I saw him frequently, both on and off the stage, and finding that Mrs. S. P. Q. R. Jones had cultivated a natural taste for dress-making, my wife occasionally employed her. Thus was drawn closer the bond of acquaintance between her husband and myself. The lady was about twenty-five years of age, very pretty, and charmingly conscious of the fact. Not disinclined to admiration, and possessing a large share of vivacity, it was to be feared that, with the opportunities found in the dissipated atmosphere of a theatre, she might sometimes be placed in an equivocal position; but, as yet, slander had never soiled her name; while the affection she honestly evinced for her husband and child seemed to be an effectual barrier between her and evil.

There came a period when the legitimate drama, never, perhaps, adequately supported by a fickle people (who, as time moves on, seem more and more inclined to reserve the legitimate article for their closets), was withdrawn, and the equine had usurped its place. Mr. Blank and his splendid stud of horses, consisting of a dozen white and parti-colored ponies, combining their talents with those of the stock-company, were drawing enthusiastic audiences in "Mazeppa," and the like. I attended a representation of this drama. The beautiful Arabian mare, Bloody Mary—so styled, probably, because she was cream-like in color and remarkably kind in temper—portrayed, with her accustomed docility, the Ukraine steed. On her first entrance she threw about, with well-simulated rage, her delicate limbs; but stood commendably quiet when Mr. Blank, as Mazeppa, was bound upon her back; and then, like an arrow from a bow slackly pulled, started off at a moderate amble up the canvas precipice which concealed the rear of the stage. Instead of completing her route, the unfortunate animal, when half-way up the ascent, stumbled and fell upon the stage, a distance of ten feet. The injuries received by Bloody Mary and Mazeppa were but slight; but, in falling, she struck with her hoof S. P. Q. R. Jones, who was standing beneath, and broke his collar-bone. This occurred out of sight of the audience, who, with hisses, demanded another flight; so, while Bloody Mary was again prancing upon the stage, poor Jones was tenderly lifted up and carried home senseless.

A few hundreds in the Savings' Bank, the fruits of former economy, furnished the means for proper attendance, medicines, and the little comforts expected in convalescence, while his wife was one of the most careful and affectionate of nurses. For a week every thing went on well, and poor Jones seemed to have all a damaged mortal should expect under such circumstances. What was it that changed all this? Why did the wife, still devoted and kind, lose the loving earnestness which had characterized her manner? Where was the old home-light in her eyes—those beautiful eyes whose sparkling glances the downcast lashes now concealed? Why, at the sound of some unexpected knock at the door, or footfall on the stairs, did she start almost wildly, as if ill fortune were near? And, bending over the little girl, she would smother deep sighs and gaze wistfully toward her husband, with the anxious face of one seeking the confessional; and he, dozing, his brain clouded by opiates and confinement, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, blind and deaf, when each mortal sense should have been soundest. Deaf to the low, musical tones of a manly voice, trained to love-speeches and husky with the importunity of passion, which sometimes came unheeded upon his drowsy ear, from adjoining rooms, in the watches of the night. Deaf to the click of closing bolts and the stealthy sound of retreating footsteps! Blind, when a dark mustache and evil eyes appeared at the open door, and she, whom he loved with all the power of an honest and noble heart, left him to follow the beckoning finger from his presence.

It was the old, sad story. Before the invalid had left his room, and while he was recovering his former health, his wife went away. Noon came, but she came not; and when the shadows deepened, and the little girl raised her melancholy wail for the absent mother, the poor father, anxious and fearful, sent messengers to seek for her; then news came from the theatre which made his limbs tremble, and the muscles of his face twitch, and heavy groans come from him, as from one in convulsions. At last the manager arrived; and then he knew that the woman he had cherished had stolen his honor and fled, leaving a legacy of shame to her child. A handsome actor attached to the company—a man famed for excellence in light comedy and juvenile tragedy—had fascinated the poor woman, and the opportunity afforded by Jones's sickness completed her ruin. They went to another city, where the seducer, being very popular with the younger part of the female portion of the theatre-going public, readily obtained an engagement.

After the first explosion caused by the intelligence, Jones, to every one's surprise, rapidly regained his strength, and in a few days was able to attend to some portion of his usual avocations. He did not, like a proper hero of romance, arm himself to the teeth with the deadly weapons of American civilization, follow the fugitives, and commit what a jury might have called justifiable homicide. But he felt more than the pangs of the hero of romance, and deeper was the agony from his efforts to conceal the wound. It needs not Othello's visage, nor station, nor the sombre scenery belonging to medieval tragedy, to awaken in our time the same passions which drove the noble Moor to murder, despair, and death.

Only four short weeks passed and the lost woman, bearing on her face the aged, weary look with which guilt and remorse brand their victims, opened the door of the room which once enshrined a happy fireside, and knelt sobbing at his feet—a discarded mistress! He did not spurn her; his eyes, from which the light of happiness was gone forever, did not blaze with fury on the unhappy wretch before him; but he took her up, drew her tenderly to his breast, and kissed her; then leading her to the bed where the little girl lay asleep, he said,

"Kiss her, Mary dear; she has been waiting long for you!"

No upbraidings, no noisy ebullition of rage—nothing but the loud sobbings of the false wife and the clamorous joy of the awakened child.

She lived with him but a little while. There was no longer any hope or object in life for her. Broken-hearted and abased, she never left the house again. Hour by hour she faded, and when the cold time of autumn came he took her from the cheerless, noisy city, and laid her to sleep in the sun, near the trees of the country church-yard in the sight of whose spire she was born.

He toiled on for the sake of his child, faithful to all his duties; never misanthropic nor moody, although silent, and sometimes, when alone, tearful; and time passed on until it was two years from the death of his wife. The actor with the black mustache and winning voice came back; two years had wrought some change in him, too. The black mustache was there still, but the voice was hoarse from constant drams, and the speaking eye was yellow and sunken. Whether this loss of personal beauty struck the audience unfavorably, or whether the disreputable circumstances under which he closed his last visit, excited against him the strong moral feeling which is always supposed to pervade an American audience, it would be impossible to decide; but no sooner did he spring, with the old, elastic, light-comedy step, upon the stage, sideling toward the boxes with the professional smirk which begs applause, than a hiss oozed from one corner of the house and spread with fearful rapidity from pit to gallery—a hiss which seemed to remind all that this man had violated the decencies of society, and was now insulting the proprieties of life by his very presence. It may be remarked that the juvenile moral sense of the young gentlemen in the gallery appeared to be so severely outraged that from that quarter proceeded by far the fiercest and loudest expressions of disapprobation; to such an extent did the enthusiasm of these young supporters of a pure life carry their opposition, that many half-consumed apples and other seasonable fruit were discharged with considerable velocity and tolerable aim at the stage. Pale through his paint, the actor cast a deprecating look at the more respectable part of the audience, and his knees involuntarily trembled when his practiced eye saw the excitement against him was too strong for him to calm. Cries of "Off! off!" forced him from the foot-lights, and bending to the storm, he ran from the stage. The tempest immediately ceased; and he, panting with agitation, beheld before him the pale countenance of S. P. Q. R. Jones, who chanced, at that moment, to step to the prompter's table. Jones started, for until then he had not seen the man since his return.

"Ah! it is you, then!" exclaimed the disgraced actor; "you, you cowardly villain! This is the way you take to revenge yourself. You pack the house, curse you! with a gang of hissing, dirty, sweaty mechanics, to drive me from the stage—to ruin me—and all because your wife—"

He said no more, for Jones's hand was on his throat, and the insult trembling on his tongue died away in an unmeaning gurgle. The blows fell fast, and the pent-up misery of many a month added weight to the arm; no one—not even the mighty manager, who was attracted to the scene by the tumult—attempted to restrain the supernumerary; and when, after a last effort, he cast his enemy on the ground, the remains of manly beauty which dissipation had spared to the actor were destroyed forever.

After this unfortunate affair the theatre became more and more distasteful to Jones—more so, perhaps, from its being stained with the memory of revenge desperately taken. It is indeed certain that he felt more remorse for this than the actor ever did for the great wrong *he* had inflicted. A few months after, I accompanied him to the cars, for we had been good friends from the first, to see him off to the West, where, with his little girl, he had determined to settle.

"I shall never come back again," said he, as he shook my hand at parting. "Every thing here makes me shudder and think too much of things which must be forgotten."

I stooped and kissed the little girl; the bell rang, the train started, and the "first citizen" made his final exit.

THE GALLEYS.

Vidocq, in his most impudent, but most amusing Autobiography, in which he is as demonstrative of his vices as other men are of their virtues, describes with great unction the sensation that a long chain of prisoners bound for the galleys of Marseilles creates in the streets of a French town. "Come, Jeanette! come, Fanchette! here is the longest chain we have seen for many a month," is the cry from door and window, as the red-capped men tramp along, grinning, singing, and thinking of the file hidden in a snug box in the belt of their *rois-rasi*, at night to "fiddle" off their chain.

But, terrible as the galleys even now are, I would invite my reader's attention to a few facts about those galleys of Louis the Fourteenth, in which he shut up the unhappy Protestants of the Cevennes.

The galleys were long, shallow, flat, decked vessels, with two masts, seldom able to use their broad fan-sails except in gentle, blue summer weather; trusting rather to their broad wings of oars, except when out of sight of land, and fearful of being sur-

prised by sudden gusts that lash the Mediterranean to madness. They were fair-weather birds, were those galleys, and, in a storm, were like so many butterflies caught in a gusty April shower. There were five slaves to every oar, and in all three hundred slaves. The top-sawyers, or upper-end rowers, were generally shaven Turks, who were willingly granted the honor, since the place was the most laborious in the vessel. Honor would not be so much envied, if it were known with what labor it was burdened. To keep down these three hundred chained demons, each galley had a crew of one hundred and fifty men, including officers, soldiers, seamen, and servants. Men who shouted orders, who reefed and clomb, who dragged out guns and fired from the rigging, and boys and varlets, who ran here and there with dishes and salvers, were unchained slaves. At the stern of each galley there was a covered chamber, rounded like a cradle, in which the captain lurked at night or in foul weather; but in the daytime it was frequented by the officers and chaplain, who repaired here to swear and quote their texts, while the subaltern officers had also their several lairs and haunts; while all the rest of the crew sweltered by day in the full glare and blaze of Neapolitan and Genoese suns, or the damp and moon hours of Corsican or Marseillese nights. There was, indeed, a sort of tent or awning suspended by a long cable slung from head to stern, that afforded some thin shelter, but only in bright, fair weather; for in the least capful of wind or puff of storm it was taken down, being dangerous overweight for a boat like a bark; so that, after blood-sweats of passionate rowing, whether pursuing the English or flying from the Turk, the wretched slaves, off Morocco, often found their broad backs coated with snow till they could reach the open arms of a friendly port.

The slave's yearly allowance for clothes was two coarse canvas shirts and a little red serge jerkin, slit up on each side to the arm-holes to give their brawny arms full play. The short, loose sleeves did not reach to the elbow. Every three years they received a coarse frock, and for their shaved bullet-heads a little red Phrygian cap that the Revolution afterward rendered so terrible. Sick or well, their only bed was a board a foot and a half broad; the sleeping-places most dreaded were those nearest the officers of the galley, for if the vermin roused the slave, so that his chains rattled and awoke his neighbor, he was torn to pieces with the gashes of rope scourges.

The fatigue of lifting the great oars of a galley, though pleasant to read of in the Odyssey, was extreme. In all seasons the perspiration trickled down their limbs; and when they began to grow faint and flag, one of the three comites (the comites were boatswains) ran down the gangboard which intersected the ship to find out the rascal who did not keep touch and time with the rest. Weak or lazy, dying or worn-out, they did not care; he might be a sapless boy, he might be a decrepit old man—down came on his bare shoulders the large centurion's rod, which was so long, generally, that the two or three nearest rowers also felt the blow, which left triple scars and red letters on every back on which it fell. To scowl, or swear, or groan, was only to draw down fresh sorrows and fresh blasphemies and threats. Renewed toil was the only received mark of submission.

Reaching port brought no end to the slave's labors, for rowing ceased only to bring fresh toil and grief. The comites prided themselves on dexterously casting anchor, and while the cable ran out their lash went faster as the prisoners' arms moved quicker.

To support these hardships, the slaves received every morning at eight o'clock a portion of good biscuit, and at ten a porridge of hot-water soup, with some rancid oil, musty peas and beans floating at the top. When on duty they had handed round a pischione (two-thirds of a pint) of wine morning and evening. When quiet at anchor in any Mediterranean port, all the slaves who had any money were allowed to have a jubilee, and to buy meat; and the Turk who commanded the oars, that is, who pulled at the end and was not chained, was the agent to the meat market, and was also employed to watch it dressing in the cook's room. When the cook was a sullen villain—villains not being rare cattle in the galleys—he would sometimes, in a brutal passion at the trouble or hindrance, break the poor men's earthen stew-pot, and throw it overboard to the fishes; while the poor fellows, chained by their ankles, fainting for want of food, were unable to murmur or complain.

The officer's table, however, was all this time well furnished both for plenty and delicacy, the smell of the dainties giving the slaves a more exquisite sense of their misery by seeming to scoff and deride their poverty and hunger. Sometimes the galleys were lying in the ports of Morocco or Nice during the full swing and hubbub of the carnival. Then the prince or doge, with all his retinue, armed, comes on board, as Don Quixote boarded the galleys floating on a stream of music, with a rustle of perfumed feathers, and a fluttering of long flags; there was mirth, and song, and revel, while the slaves sat doubled up upon their benches, ready to burst their chains, and cut every honorable throat, if they could or dared. They were hungry, wretched, hopeless. They had, indeed, come to help in the ceremony, for, when the great man's gilded feet touched the deck of their flying ship, the comites would give two shrill whistles: the first was for attention; on hearing the second, they gave a lamentable, piteous howl of welcome, which must have been most dolorous and terrible to hear.

When the waves were rolling up in green alps, snow-capped, and threatening, the galleys could not put to sea, and such slaves as had trades took to working, planing, shoemaking, weaving, and painting; such poor serfs as had none were taught to knit coarse stockings, the comites supplying them with yarn, and paying them for all they did half the usual price—and that not in money, but in broken meat and watered wine. To be caught sending for wine from the shore, was to be turned up and bastinadoed incontinently. The most touching sight of all in these wet, stormy, dark days, was to see the poor, low-browed boors, who knew no trade, and could not even read or knit, busying themselves, and trying to make themselves useful and acceptable, by cleaning their comrades' clothes, or freeing them from the torments of parasitical life; for even the beggar has his courtiers.

Such perpetual toil, imprisonment, and bad diet, was already breaking out in fever and sickness. For the sufferers there was a snug hospital in a close, noisome, dark corner of the galley's hold, to which light and air came only in a Rembrandt sort of way, through a miserable scuttle two feet square. At each end of this room was a fanlar, or scaffold, on which the sick were thrown without beds or pallets. When the scaffold grew full, the slaves were laid out on the cables, sometimes as many as eighty at once, stench and pestilence ruling supreme, and tormenting them in various ways. The chaplains, who came into this den of death to confess the dying, wore a night-gown to protect their clothes from the vermin. In this dreadful hole there was only three feet space between the scaffold and the ceiling. The confessor had to throw himself down on his stomach at the dying men's sides, so as to listen to the groans of their confessions. The place was so horrible that the sick preferred to die straining at the oar rather than sink into the stinking darkness.

There was a surgeon kept to attend to these lazars of humanity; but how could he fight against such invitations and bribes to pestilence and death? There was also a supply of the best drugs furnished by the French Government; but the surgeon generally considered these as mere perquisites.

Every one preyed on these poor wretches. For instance: during sickness, the king ordered every man in the dark hold to have a pound of fresh bread, a pound of fresh meat, and two ounces of rice, every day; but the steward stole the allowances, and let the slaves die unheeded, generally contriving to make a fortune in about six campaigns. Seventy sick men would be fed on twenty pounds of bad, cheap meat, soaked in hot water. At these frauds the surgeon and steward connived. Sometimes a simple-minded, warm-hearted chaplain would astonish the silk-coated minister of marine at Versailles by the narrative of these horrors, and obtain a promise of redress, forgotten as soon as made.

There were in the galleys five sorts of persons—seamen, Turks, deserters, criminals, and Protestants. The Turks were brought as stout-limbed gladiator-men to manage the stroke-oars, and were called Vogueavants. They had the same allowance as the soldiers, and were ranked with the upper slaves, who pulled in the Banc du quarta, or the Camille and les Espaliers. They were generally very stout men, who wore no chains, but had a ring round the ankles. They were servants to the officers, and were eminently honest and trusty. When they arrived at any port they had liberty to trade, so that some of them were worth three or four hundred pounds, which, to the shame of Christians, they generally sent home to their wives and families. They were very kind and charitable to each other, and very strict in their religious observances: natural enough; for exiles keep religious by the pressure around them of a repugnant faith. These Turkish rowers, especially at the Ramadan fast, the first moon of the year, never ate or drank from sunrise to sundown, in spite of all the toil and labor at the oars which they pulled, looking faint and hollow-eyed as ghosts. If a Turk were imprisoned, his companions always interceded, in a turbaned mob, with the captain for him. If one was sick, the rest clubbed to buy him meat, or purchase him drugs or tonics. In short, as an eye-witness says, the Christians in the galleys seemed to turn Turks, and the Turks to turn Christians. They were very obdurate against any chaplain who tried to convert them, declaring they would rather turn dogs than be of a religion that was so cruel as to suffer so many crimes.

These Turks, during mass, were put into the caïque or long boat, where they smoked, talked, and scoffed; safe from the last of the comites. In spite, however, of their being so well treated they sighed for liberty—the very name of a galley being terrible to them. They generally remained slaves for life, unless, when they grew very old and unserviceable, they met with friends who would buy them off.

Fops in the Palais Royal used to tell stories of men who, when released, would not quit the galleys: we now may judge how far these stories were probable.

The fançoniers, or deserters, were generally poor peasants who had committed the unpardonable offense of buying salt in some illegal district, such as Burgundy or Doubs, where it is cheap. At this time (Louis Fourteenth's) four pounds of salt cost three shillings and sixpence; so that some poor families could not often eat their soup for a whole week together for want of this precious condiment. If discovered buying it in a cheap district, they were instantly sent to the galleys. It was a cruel sight to see a wife and children watching a poor rustic being bound with chains for the humble offense of buying salt in a distant country contrary to some miserable custom law. The fançonier's term of imprisonment was generally only for five, six, or eight years; but the misfortune was, that if strong or robust at the oar, and a useful workman, he was never released.

The mere deserters, though generally brave young countrymen, driven to despair by a cruel conscription for unrighteous and foolish wars, were a lower class than even the fançoniers. At one time they used to cut off their ears and noses; but, because this led to noisome diseases that made them the dread of the crew, they continued the practice of merely slitting them. Many of these patriots were men of education and birth. A still more degraded class were the criminals, felons, sharpers, or highwaymen. These wretches soon took courage, striking up friendship with old friends in chains, telling over their rogueries and boasting of their crimes. They generally grew more desperate, hopeless, and wicked, the greatest villain passing among them for the greatest hero. If a stranger came on board, gaping and timid, hey presto! away went his handkerchief and snuff-box—pinch from hand to hand, all down the benches. The rogues forged titles, engraved false seals, counterfeited handwriting, which they sold to knavish friends who came to see them.

When they were released, they returned to the world twenty times worse than they went in. When they were attending the minister, they poured out oaths and blasphemies that set the chaplain's hair on end. Sometimes they would show the blue stain that the ropes had left round their thievish necks, boasting that still they were no cowards; but that on their reprieve, had robbed the first person they met, and that now, not being known to the judge, they had only been sent to the galleys, where they rejoiced they had bread and good company. Even in the galleys they committed the most horrible of crimes.

The slaves were sometimes, when old, quiet, and highly favored, allowed to keep shops about the port, and work, sell, and even walk in the town upon giving a penny to the Turk with whom each of them was coupled, and eightpence to the pertuisane or partisan leader who guarded them. They were also allowed to receive letters and money from their friends—only if they were criminals, but not if they were Protestants.

The galleys were much used in Mediterranean sea-fights, to guard the level line of coasts, rock, or sandbank; to convoy merchant-ships when they were in danger of being set on by the Duke of Savoy's brigantines. They were used with their long stern-chasers, or howitzer guns, to sink the flaming fire-ships, and to tow along disabled men-of-war. They would also attack a becalmed ship, working at her fore and aft, to avoid her sweeping broadside, and occasionally overpowering her with a howitzer shot between wind and water. A ship, however, needed but a little breeze to crush five or six galleys.

When a Protestant slave refused to kneel at the elevation of the mass, he was sentenced to be bastinadoed on the coursier gun. The chains were first taken off, he was then stripped naked by four Turks, and stretched on the gun. A Moor then beat the wretch with a tough cudgel or a knotty rope's end dipped in brine. Vinegar and salt were then thrown on his wounds, and he was dragged into the hospital, seldom reviling, but piously calling on God for help.

When a prisoner was a saint, or obnoxious in any way to the comites or officers, either because he did or did not complain, they placed him next some ribald thief, who would annoy and taunt him, or chained him near the pump, or invented work for him. Then they would make him serve round water to all the benches, or beat him for concealing letters, or lashed him for leaving open, unchained, or for breaking a water-barrel. Then they would set him to carry cordage, or clean iron balustrades; or would keep him without food till noon, and cut it small, to prevent his selling it. Monsieur le Fevre, a French advocate, eighteen years in the galleys for being a Protestant, says, "There were some who, to make themselves sport, beat me continually; but chiefly our captain's steward, who called it painting of Calvin's back with cudgels, and then asked, scoffingly, whether Calvin gave strength to work after having been laden with so many blows; and when he had a mind to begin again, he asked if they would not give Calvin his commons, and it was his delight to see me cast down daily with blows and fatigue. The wheedling officers that would please him, made use of that means, as if they tickled him, to make him laugh. When they saw me lift up my eyes to heaven, he said, God does not hear the Calvinists; they must suffer their due until they either die or change."

This is what the Jesuit Revocation of the Edict of Nantes led to. This is what the Grand Monseigneur tolerated.

SOWING HIS WILD OATS.

IN one of Connecticut's most charming valleys, on a balmy, quiet evening, Harry Grey and his Jenny Ellis walked homeward with reluctant steps. They had been enjoying one of those hours known only to lovers. Harry's right arm encircled the round and delicate waist of Jenny, and her golden ringlets were wafted by the evening breeze across his breast. They had been earnestly conversing—he in entreating the beautiful girl to delay no more their now long-retarded union; she in endeavoring to prove to Harry the propriety of waiting until he was more settled in life, and of a more serious way of thinking; or, as she termed it, had "sown his wild oats."

Harry Grey, affectionate, yielding, and convinced that his wise and lovely Jenny knew best about all the realities of life, had ceased to urge, with the few momentous words that, had he but Jenny, he would find no occasion to sow his wild oats—they would all be blown away like chaff before the breath of heaven. But she was resolute; and, dearly as the effort cost her, she had done what she believed her duty to Harry, and even added her arguments to those of her family, that a voyage to a distant land, on his uncle's trading ship, would do him the service required, and that at the close of another year he should return a responsible, sober-minded person, quite fitted to call Jenny his wife.

"You know, Harry, I am young to leave my home yet; seventeen is hardly more than a little girl."

Harry looked down upon her with the tenderest sentiment. "Then Heaven protect us both," said he, "until the right day comes! In one week I shall leave the country, to be gone a year. No letters or communication of any kind can pass between us. If you can not yet trust me for your husband, can you put faith in my absence from you, my guardian angel?"

"There are invisible angels, Harry, watching over you and me," she said, wiping the tears from her eyes; "and, if you continue to love me, they will bring you back as you should come."

Whether Jenny was wise in her decision I leave my readers to judge at the close of my narrative. For myself, I believe in gathering roses when the buds are opening.

Silently they walked until they reached Mr. Ellis's garden-gate. Harry opened it, and Jenny passed in before him. The blue-bells and lilies nodded their heads as the two went by, but neither cast a glance upon the flowers.

It was with no small satisfaction that the parents of Jenny heard Harry's decision; for much as they were charmed by his manly, generous disposition, they could not but think with anxiety upon trusting their child to one whose reckless manner of life, and lightness of thought and action, led them to fear that, however devoted as a lover, Harry, as a husband, might be less so, and their daughter might suffer a premature sorrow.

They all sat about the tea-table, the elder members being the talkative ones. Harry scarce took his eyes from Jenny, and she was so magnetized by his ill-concealed sadness, that it was with difficulty she could withhold the gathering tears from rolling down her cheeks, now becoming paler as the night came on, and she knew she must part from what her heart held most dear. When the meal was finished, Mr. Ellis, passing his arm through Harry's, led him out into the garden.

"Don't be dispirited, my dear fellow! This is a wise decision of yours; and I promise that, on your return, you shall have as fine and merry a wedding as ever was seen in B——."

"Yes, Sir, you are very kind; but I have a strange foreboding that something will occur to separate Jenny from me."

"What folly! It is unworthy so brave-hearted a boy! You should believe Jenny as true as steel. I never knew her to break her faith to any living soul."

"Do not think me a fool, Mr. Ellis; I have no doubts of her—she is an angel."

"Certainly—a nice, good girl. You are both so young, that you could as easily wait five years as one."

Harry shuddered. "Let us speak of other things, Sir. I have the opportunity of making some good speculations in this trip. My uncle will favor me in every way."

"That is well; make money when you can—I need not say *honestly*—and I will do my part to the full with my daughter's marriage-purse. But I'll not detain you. If you leave for New York to-morrow morning, I doubt not you have some words to say to poor Jenny. Stay here; I will send her to you."

Harry seated himself upon a garden-bench, and fell into deep thought, quite unusual to his vivacious temperament. At any other time a trip to some foreign country would have been a pleasant anticipation, fond as he was of change and excitement, but now a heavy cloud hung over his spirit; and not until Jenny's quick step struck his ear did he rouse from his melancholy reverie. Her presence gave him new courage, and when she sat by his side, begging him to look ever forward to a happy réunion, he felt stirred to do something worthy a man who might claim so lovely a creature for his wife.

Long and late they tarried together, and when the heavy damps of night warned them to seek shelter, Harry folded Jenny to his heart, bidding her his last adieu. He kissed away her fast-flowing tears, himself growing strong as he perceived her weakness. In his turn he now entreated her to look forward to happiness, and assured her over and over of his faithful attachment.

The next morning found Harry Grey *en route* to New York, where he would take sail in the *Pelican* for South America. Falling in with his old friends, from whom he had for several weeks been separated, he soon found a balm for his wounded spirit in their lively company. His week in New York was spent in merry-making and jollity—the favorite of all, the last to leave a frolic, and the first to pay for it. Jenny's image remained sacred in his heart, however; and he believed himself a most happy man, notwithstanding his separation, never doubting his own strength nor her faithfulness.

It was a fresh and glorious morning when our friend set sail. A strong breeze sent him rapidly out of the bay, and the church spires of his native city soon faded from his sight. The vessel was in excellent trim, and every one on board in good-humor with each other; consequently the voyage, though long, was scarcely tedious.

In the frequent hours of idleness Harry's thoughts dwelt in that pleasant valley where he had bid adieu to Jenny Ellis; and now, left to his own reasonings, his soul was sometimes shaded with slight doubtings, when he considered that this parting was altogether of her causing. He tried in vain to find no wrong in a case where Jenny was concerned, but his clear perceptions still showed him a folly somewhere, loth as he was to realize it. Leaning, one calm evening, over the bows of the vessel, much troubled in spirit, and nervously passing his fingers through his heavy hair, he reasoned with himself in this manner:

"I was perfectly able to support a wife without this adventure to precede my marriage. Can it be that I have been made a fool of? I do not recollect hearing of an instance quite like this. A young woman acknowledges she loves, at the same time proposes to defer her marriage with the object of her affection until he shall have braved the perils of the sea, and encountered the chances of sickness in a dangerous climate. Her reasons are simply that she wishes him, in this manner, to 'sow his wild oats.' Am I such a hair-brained fellow, after all? I know I profess no form or sect of religion, nor am I horrified at being in the company of jolly boys; but I believe I am, notwithstanding, an honest man—and, I may add, a stupid, that I did not

bring this reasoning to bear when I was in the position to make it forcible. But now I must do my best with what lies before me, and regret nothing."

With this conclusion he descended to the cabin, where, to drown unpleasant thought, he joined a party of merry-makers, and laughed and sang away half the night.

When left to his own reflections, Harry's thoughts invariably returned to Jenny. Sometimes he was lost in a dream of her loveliness, when, so great was his desire to be in her presence, that he could only cover his face with his hands and groan at his inevitable separation from her. Alternating with these passionate moods were those of doubt and displeasure, when he seemed to realize in her image only a selfish, conventional girl, who would always cultivate the mere proprieties of life to the exclusion of generous impulses.

It was during one of these doubting phases that the vessel, having received some damage in a spell of rough weather, touched at the Island of Guadaloupe for repairs. Glad to escape from his own thoughts, Harry rejoiced in the event. His ardent temperament could in no way withstand the beauties of nature and the novel scenes that here presented themselves. All he beheld seemed luxurious and attractive. He again became cheerful and light-hearted, finding pleasure at every turn; and before a week had passed he was the favorite and friend of old and young. More especially was he attractive to the young Zara, whose gazelle eyes, dark as night, were often turned in timid affection upon him, as, reclining in the low hammock swung between two cocoa-nut trees, he sang to her his pleasant Northern songs. Her long and glossy braids had more than once been allowed to slip through his thrilling hand without rebuke; nor was he repulsed when, one starlight evening, under a bower of thick matted vines, his lips had pressed her olive cheek. Zara ran from him then, however, nor was he able again to catch a glimpse of her for several days, and each day, as it passed, was more weary than the last, until he seemed to have but one wish left, and that, to tell Zara that her cheek was soft and rich as the ripe peach, her eyes more beautiful than stars, and that he loved her with the fullest passion man ever knew.

Waiting thus, his ardor growing more intense at each hour of delay, the vessel was announced as ready for departure. With a troubled spirit he once more vainly sought for Zara, when, leaving her habitation in despair of ever again beholding her, he heard his name gently called in a voice of sad and yearning expression. He turned, and saw Zara standing in the bower of vines. He ran to her, and, seizing her hands, kissed them many times; then drawing from his little finger a ring, slipped it upon hers.

"Adieu, lovely one!" said he; "it breaks my heart to leave you."

"Must you go?" murmured Zara, the large tears brimming her eyes.

"Not if Zara loves me! Tell me, shall I stay and be her lover—her husband? She shall have all that a woman desires, and we will be happy—oh, Zara, happy as angels! Shall it be so? Speak quickly."

Zara's eyes glowed like burning coals, and her red lips parted as if in a dream of ecstasy. "You will come with me to the Padre!" she exclaimed; "he will bless us—make us one!"

"To the Padre? Yes, to the farthest end of the earth will I go with Zara if she calls me, my beautiful star!" and clasping her in his arms, Harry strained her to his heart while she lay upon his breast with swimming eyes.

"Ah, Jenny, Jenny!" muttered Harry, *sotto voce*; "had *you* so trusted, so loved, you were not now deserted!"

Zara and Harry went to the little church and were there united. It did not take long, nor were any words wasted; but as they emerged from the shadowy walls, blind with joy and love, they saw neither the past nor the future.

"Tell my uncle," said Harry, going to the master of the vessel, "that I have a desire to remain at Guadaloupe, and not continue on the voyage; say that the climate suits me, and I see much to be gained. I will remain a year, and then take the first opportunity to return."

The vessel sailed, and Harry sped on the wings of love to his own, his beautiful Zara. Each day, each month, she became more lovely. He taught her many things, and sought to cultivate her mind in the most careful manner. She was a bright and charming pupil as, seated upon the grass in the shade of the orange-trees and trailing vines of scarlet cactus, she listened to his words, sometimes twisting his fingers about her own, or with her cheek against his breast, drinking in the pleasant tones of his voice.

Harry's conscience was not dulled during this delicious season. He remembered Jenny full well and often; but he allowed only the critical side of his reasoning to take effect. Indeed, his love for the passionate, generous Zara quite obliterated that sweet and tender affection he had known for Jenny, and he felt assured that she would soon meet with one more staid and prudent than himself among the many suitors who visited at Mr. Ellis's house, far better mated to her quiet heart and fastidious tastes; and so, folding the past in a mantle of oblivion, he gave himself up to the sweet enjoyment of present happiness.

Harry's heart bounded within him one morning when Zara brought him a son. All that was good and great rose up in his breast. With his boy in his arms, he knelt by his young wife and thanked God for such precious blessings. The child grew in beauty and grace. The father looked upon him with swelling pride—his cup of joy seemed to overflow.

"I must take my treasures with me to my native land. I will show my friends what priceless jewels I wear upon my breast."

About this time a vessel arrived at the island bringing letters for Harry. Nervously he opened them, dreading some unexpected terror; but no, all was smooth and placid as the surface of the ocean that lay before him. His uncle had just learned his determination of staying at Guadaloupe and was satisfied, provided it was agreeable to his nephew. The envelope contained another letter. It was from Jenny Ellis. Harry well knew the delicate deciphering of his name. At the sight he caught his breath. He crushed the small, enveloped note in his hand and went out among the trees to read it alone. The contact of his palm with her letter burned him with magnetic fire. He tore it open:

"MY BEST BELOVED,—Patiently I have waited, and faithfully have I prayed for you. The year has expired, and now my soul rises and blossoms with fresh hope, for I know my Harry is coming. I have given my dear parents all they required of me, another year at home, and your mind has been agreeably occupied with a foreign land and engrossing business, instead of leading the life and keeping the society I always so dreaded for you in New York. Come to me as soon as possible, dearest, for our best hopes will soon be realized. . . . ."

Harry leaned against a tree gazing at the letter. Not until he re-read it did he fully realize the fearful position of all. She had *not* forgotten him as he had foolishly hoped. Mistaken she might have been in her decision, but nevertheless faithful, expectant, hopeful, loving. He let fall the little letter as if it had been a stinging wasp, and ran forward blindly, purposeless, toward the hills; he fled like a madman, never stopping for rocks or dangers of any sort, until he reached the edge of a stream whose soft murmurs seemed to sound in his ears like the wailings and tear-droppings of a hopeless, love-lorn maiden. He panted, and great tears rolled out of his burning eyes.

"Miserable man that I am!" cried he; "why do I live! For what purpose do I stand in this garden of the earth, a blot upon its pure surface? Would I had never seen the face of a woman! Oh, Jenny, Jenny! I have wronged you cruelly—irretrievably! What atonement can I make to one so patient, so excellent?" He paced the river's edge with long and heavy strides, the veins swelling upon his forehead from his intense suffering. "Shall I dishonor her by offering myself now, a faithless lover? Love! I will not stain the word by coupling it with *pity*—I am lover to none but Zara, and she too—she must suffer for my folly! O God! if thou hast not already placed thy curse upon my soul, help me, wretch that I am, to act so that I may not destroy either the one or the other of those who live but upon my constancy!"

In an excess of misery he threw himself upon the ground and groaned in anguish of spirit. Nightfall brought Harry to some fixed purpose. Bathing his face in the cool water of the stream, he retraced his steps to Zara.

"My duty," he said, "if I am able to see it through so terrible an entanglement of circumstances, is to begin again and do as I first promised. I will therefore leave Zara and the child, and return to Jenny, whose poor heart I must satisfy. Why needlessly grieve her, perhaps destroy her reason by saying what I have done? Once every year I will leave her a few months, on pretense of business, when I will console Zara for my absence and rejoice again in the sight of my son." Harry recoiled within himself at so base a deception, and yet he was determined. "I must, I must!" he said, shuddering; "I have but to think of the happiness of those dependent on me."

Resolving thus he reached home. Zara came out to meet him with her usual embrace, but she started and paled when she saw the misery revealed upon his face.

"What sorrows my husband?" said she, clasping her arms around him and kissing his eyelids as he bent toward her.

"Alas! dearest," he said, "I must leave you and my son for a while—my letters call me home."

"We will go also, and then you will not suffer," said Zara.

"Not this time," said he, averting his eyes; "you can not go this time: I must tell them of my marriage first, you know, and they will make preparations to receive you."

"If that best pleases you, then I will wait; but be happy, Harry; be happy, or Zara will die."

"Yes, love, yes, I am happy; bring me my boy!"

At the sight of the child Harry revived. He felt that there is some sweetness in the bitterest cup, do we but seek it. That night he entered into arrangements with the master of the vessel to sail with him next day.

Meanwhile Zara walked among the trees; she saw a letter lying at the foot of one, which she picked up. Alas that her husband had ever taught her to read manuscript! and yet, but for this circumstance, she might have lived a dishonored wife. But her great nature was incapable of suspecting wrong of Harry, and it was his relief only that she sought, when, with a woman's keen perception, she understood his position, and in her passionate devotion resolved to tear him from his terrible difficulty. With a calmness almost sublime, placing the letter in her bosom, she returned to her home. She saw now why Harry must go; she also saw why she must stay, but nothing of her knowledge did she reveal to him—she would not add a feather's weight to his grief. It was sufficient for her soul that she knew Harry loved her.

Neither slept that night, but no moment were they parted. Their feelings were too intense for words, and one concealed from the other the great and terrible determination each had in secret.

At the breaking of the morning Harry prepared for his departure, ever ceasing from his work to embrace Zara, or, upon his knees, to bury his head in her lap to crush the rising sobs. Zara, on the contrary, seemed possessed with a superhuman calmness, and she consoled and caressed him with angelic tenderness. From her he would turn to his sleeping child, imprint soft kisses on its parted lips, and gather courage as he contemplated its innocent beauty.

The hour came. "I will stand upon this cliff, my husband," said Zara, now as pale as marble, "and I will uphold the boy, that you may see us as long as your eye can reach the shore."

"God bless you!" cried Harry, with agonizing tears. "I will come back! Farewell!"

He entered the boat that carried him to the distant ship, and Zara climbed the cliff. Harry turned his face toward that point and gazed as the vessel gradually distanced the land, when, suddenly, he uttered a loud and fearful cry, and, clasping his hands above his head, was about to throw himself into the sea; but he was strongly withheld and carried down into the cabin, where, almost raving, he told how his wife, his Zara, had waited until all help was gone, and then, clasping her babe upon her breast, had leaped from off the cliff into the water beneath.

Fiercely did he war with his own soul, poor Harry Grey, as he lay in a brain fever for many days and nights, and, when he began to recover, he sat upon the deck the shadow only of a man. Reflecting upon the strange and terrible experience of the past year, "It is gone," he said, "gone like a dream! The miserable remainder of my life I will give to Jenny, if she can now accept it. Perhaps she may find some comfort still in her poor Harry Grey; but it is a matter of doubt whether she likes me as well with my *wild oats sown*."

One night, during his weak and sorrowful condition, broken in spirit and weak in body, they were overtaken by one of those storms too often met with off the coast of Carolina, and, unable to withstand such angry elements, the ship bowed her head before the terrible power and gave up her precious cargo to the fathomless depths of ocean. When the blackening storm hurled destruction upon the struggling ship, and Harry Grey sank beneath the raging water, he seemed to feel invisible arms raising and sustaining him, until he grasped a fragment of the wreck. Exhausted and careless of life, he was strangely borne upon this frail support, and swayed and floated upon its surface over the rolling waves as if he were but a leaf, or a weed of the sea.

With the coming of morning came a calm upon the ocean. It was not without a sensation of relief that Harry perceived floating toward him a small boat, as if sent by some kind water-spirit for his safety. Had he but felt the strength of a child he would have thrown himself into the sea, the quicker to reach his approaching succor; but illness and grief had robbed him of all save life. He grasped the side, however, as the little boat floated by, and detained its aimless voyaging, while he dragged himself into its friendly lap. He then curled himself into the stern and lay quietly, to be carried whither God willed.

Looking dreamily forward, he seemed to see Zara seated near him with her babe upon her breast. Her long glossy hair hung heavy about her polished shoulders, and she was draped in festoons of shining sea-weed. He stretched forth his weary arms, and she seemed to bend forward to him; he felt the cold sweep of her hair, and the waft of her breath across his lips. From that moment he knew of nothing save Zara and the child, with whom he seemed to walk among leafy shades and balmy zephyrs on an island far away, where the very atmosphere was life and love, and the ground elastic under the touch of their light feet.

From these delights our poor friend was brought back to a knowledge of his whereabout when, one morning, he found himself lying in a comfortable berth. He endeavored to bring his faculties to a clearer point as he lay quiet and alone. He heard much bustle and confusion overhead, and, after a while, his cabin door was opened and the visage of a negress appeared within the space. At the sight of his reasonable eyes and calm face she showed a double row of large white teeth, and gave a chuckle peculiar to throats of her color. She closed the door quickly, and Harry was left alone once more; but for a moment only. His next visitor was a hale, sunburned man, with so sympathetic and generous a face that Harry put forth his trembling, emaciated hand to greet him.

"All right with you now, shipmate?" said the captain.

Harry passed his hand over his eyes. "I believe so, my friend; but I feel strangely."

"I suppose you're starved, lad. You've laid here this past week without giving a signal; but the brandy Aunt Sal kep' leaking down your throat has hove you to again. I'll send you some breakfast."

Left to his reflections, Harry drew the most natural conclusion to be drawn under such circumstances: that he was rescued soon after losing consciousness, by a friendly vessel, and his especial desire was now to know whither they were bound. Raising himself upon his elbow, he endeavored to reach the port-hole that he might look out. After one or two trials he succeeded. It needed but one long look to perceive they were entering the harbor of New York. He sank back again, and closed his eyes.

"I have lived, then, it seems," thought he, "for some marked purpose. My work is only begun. This weakness of body will not serve me. I must be up and in action."

The captain entered with a bowl of hot tea and a dish of simple food. "Eat this, lad, and I will find you some clothes." These were soon brought, and when enrobed in them Harry was shocked to find his body so emaciated. The captain laughed at what he called "a bean-pole in breeches." Harry affected a laugh, but he knew too well the cause of his broken frame to find much merriment therein.

I will pass over the details that lay between Harry's leaving the ship and reaching, by easy journeys, his mother's house in the village of B——, near where we first met him with Jenny Ellis.

Still weak, broken much in constitution, he was once more ensconced in his own room, upon the bed where his dreams had always been of Jenny. The little table and writing-desk stood near upon which he had so often written his love thoughts to her; above his looking-glass, even, hung the well-dried bunch of June roses once given him by Jenny. All, all was as of old, except the heart that throbbed dull and slow in the breast he had given to another; and that other, look where he would, the beloved face seemed ever present. Harry sent immediately for Jenny. He was dressed, and lay half-reclining upon the bed.

She came with speed. She had just heard of his illness and wreck, and was prepared to find him feeble and suffering. He listened to her tremulous step upon the stair, and a quiet determination took possession of his soul.

The door opened—she stepped in, as fair, as fresh as when they parted. There were the bright, golden curls, the sweet, drooping lids, the misty, blue eyes; but where was the spell? Where? Harry knew too well. He turned his pale face toward her, and his steady eyes fixed their gaze upon hers. She was about to rush forward with rapturous greeting, but his look transfixed her.

Clasping her hands, she cried, "Oh, Heaven, how altered!"

"Yes, Jenny: is it not as you wished?"

Her eyes dilated, and her slight form swayed as he spoke so quietly—so calmly. "Are you dying? You look so strangely—oh, Harry! what is this?" She sprang forward, and clasped his neck: covering his face with kisses, she did not at first perceive that his arm lay listless at his side, not returning her pressure. She stood up wondering and grief-stricken.

He put his hand to his heart a moment, as if in pain, and said, "I am a broken reed, dear Jenny, not very fit for a bridegroom; but it is the best I could do for you. My wild oats are quite sown, now. Sit down by me; or wait—let us go over to the sofa. Will you help me?"

She passed her arm about his waist, and he leaned his slightly upon her shoulders. In this manner they went slowly across the floor. "Yes, dear," said he, nearing the sofa, "they are all sown. Sit here by my side, and I will tell you how. Don't tremble, Jenny. I am yours, you know, if I am worth your taking; but listen to me— Are you ill?"

"No," she gasped; "talk—talk!"

"Well, then, you sent me from your presence, where I was purely happy, as you know; where one word of yours was sufficient to make me do your smallest wish. You sent me away to meet temptation in foreign lands, there to 'sow my wild oats.' You were all-powerful to influence me, but your power did not reach over the wide ocean, Jenny; and when at last a maiden looked into my heart, and saw there the loving nature, she entered therein and became one of those very sinful grains you had so coldly banished." He took Jenny's hand—it was cold as stone. "Let me cover your neck and shoulders, you are chilly; or shall I hold my arms about you, so—" and he put his arms around her almost fainting form. She burst into tears as she recollected the last, loving, powerful pressure, with which they had held her. "Shall I go on, Jenny?"

"Have you not told all, Harry? The maiden loved you, and you forgot your Jenny for a little while, but now—now you have come back a serious, calm-minded man, with all the old affection renewed, and even more durable from its very quietude?" She spoke excitedly, caressing his cheeks with her little hands.

"Mistake me not!" exclaimed Harry. "This is not so. I intend telling the whole. I married this maiden—married her, because I loved her generous nature that would die for my sake, never fearing my evils, whatever they were."

Jenny sprang forward and turned upon him wildly. "Faithless! faithless! Why are you here? Why do you not go back to her? What have you to do with me; miserable, miserable as I am!" She swept her hair from off her face with her quivering hands, and the tears rushed in torrents down her pallid cheeks.

Harry, too, rose up with unnatural strength. "Because," cried he, despairingly, "she lies in the bottom of the ocean with her child—*my* child in her arms; and she took with her—" He stepped forward and seized Jenny's hands with a sudden and terrible calmness—"she took with her, *all my wild oats*. Is not that what you sent me away for, Jenny Ellis? Are you not satisfied?"

Long they looked at each other, these two unfortunate children, until each saw the heart of the other. Gradually their expression softened. Harry let go his close grasp of her hands, and she again supported him to the sofa.

"It is early for us to suffer so much, Harry," said Jenny, in a low, changed voice; "but the fault is my own, and only mine. I see it now when it is too late. Would that I could find happiness for you, but I fear that is not my mission! Farewell, Harry—dearest—dearest—God keep you!" She leaned forward to kiss his forehead. He detained her.

"Jenny, Jenny, you are an angel! I always said it. You deserve something better than the mere fragment of a man; but it is your happiness I wish to live for always; can you find it now in me?"

"My poor Harry, you misjudge me. My happiness, indeed, depends on yours; but the first light that ever sheds its rays over my dark and desolate soul will be when I know you have gone again to that maiden who lives in your heart."

Harry shuddered and concealed his face upon Jenny's shoulder. "To console you, sweet angel, I would have committed a crime—a base deception; but God has saved me."

"And He has saved me also from being the cause, for at my threshold would have been laid your sin, as is now your sorrow and blight."

Ten years have passed since the events related above. Jenny Ellis has never married. She is the staff and consolation of her father's declining years. There is a seat at the foot of the garden where she loves to sit of a quiet evening, alone. She seems then to be watching the stars; some say she communes with departed spirits.

Harry never recovered his natural health and vigor. He went many years ago to join Zara and the child.

SCENE DURING THE INUNDATION AT CAIRO, ILLINOIS.

THE GREAT FLOOD.

On 12th June one of the most furious storms ever known in this country swept over the Northern and Western States. It can be traced by its disastrous effects from Maine to Kansas. Many of the "oldest inhabitants" declare that they never knew so much rain fall in so short a space of time.

The Connecticut River rose four feet. At Worcester, 4½ inches of rain fell—more than the total fall of any month of June for the past sixteen years. At Baltimore the fall of rain was greater than any that has occurred there since 14th June, 1837. Both the Delaware and the Schuylkill overflowed their banks at and near Philadelphia, causing great loss of property. But it was in the West that the storm was most severely felt. At St. Louis the whole levee was covered with water, and quite a number of villages and towns on the Upper Mississippi were surrounded by the flood and partly submerged. The amount of property and crops destroyed will prove to be immense.

Cairo, Illinois, has narrowly escaped total destruction. On Saturday, 12th, in the afternoon, a crevasse opened on the Mississippi side of the town, through which the water poured at a fearful rate, filling up the whole space between the levees, and running over the embankment on the Ohio side about a thousand feet. The Illinois Central Railroad was washed away on the south wing. A part of the new hotel fell in on Sunday. Nearly all the houses tumbled down and drifted away. In the second story of the Taylor House the water stood 2½ feet high on Monday, 14th. At latest accounts, the Engineer of the Illinois Central gave it as his opinion, that if the waters rose one foot higher every trace of Cairo would disappear. Our artist has depicted the scene of desolation after the waters had broken over the levee.

In connection with this scene we subjoin an illustration of a very remarkable spectacle which is thus described by the correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, on board the cars of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad:

"On crossing the bridge of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, at Vincennes, the traveler westward witnesses a novel sight in railroading. Before him is a lake (the Wabash valley overflowed) over six miles wide, and longer than the eye can reach. Across this sea the train runs on a trestle-work that sticks out just four inches above the top of the water. Nothing is seen on its broad surface save these two iron rails, around which the waters eddy and whirl, and dash madly against the slender frame which seems to tremble under their force. All over the lake are whirling eddies, carrying big trees and drift round and round. These soon make your head swim, and you feel that the trestle-work is certainly moving; the bottom seems to be undermined and is moving; while the top is tipping

RAILROAD CARS TRAVERSING THE SUBMERGED WABASH VALLEY.

over against the current, and you expect every moment to hear the splash of the train going down into the sea. But it don't go, and there is no danger, frightful as it looks.

"But now we come to a place that really seems fearful. We are in the middle of the lake. It is just twilight. Almost out of sight of land—nothing but a waste of waters on every side of that long, solitary railway train—we leave the straight line, and go curving southward like a snake's track. Why? Simply because the flood has carried the trestle-work away from its straight course, and left it in a zigzag line (and half upset at that) some distance below where it originally stood.

"So badly upset was this trestle-work that in some places the rail on one side was two feet lower than on the other, and it seemed as though it wanted only the weight of the train to throw it entirely down. The lower rail had, however, been taken up, and timbers placed on that side to bring it up as high, and in some cases a little higher than on the other, so as to throw most of the weight on the upper side. It was also braced up and stayed as well as could be done in the present state of the flood.

"On this half-overturned, racked, and tottlish-looking trestle-work our train crept cautiously along. A railroad train out at sea, with iron enough about it to anchor it safely at the bottom, and creeping along on a shaky trestle-work that the engineer is afraid to jar for fear he may jar it down."

POOR PURSE.

Oh! if I had money galore—in store,
I'd just build a sweet cottage—no more;
In a deep-valleyed glen, far away from rude men:
But when will that time be—ah! when?
And when the sunrise came to open my eyes,
I'd forth with the bees, and the bright butterflies,
And my children all fresh from their sleep:
And we'd cull brightest posies,
Sweetest wall-flowers and roses,
And our hearts in blest gratitude steep.
Oh! they say that great wealth is a curse,
But, what's worse,
My heart is too big for my purse,
Poor purse!

Oh! if I had money galore—in store,
I'd open the lattice, and widen the door
Of my heart and my mind, and all human kind
I'd invite to come in, and a true welcome find.
From sunset to dawn I'd seek out the forlorn—
Lean poets, wan artists, frail daughters of scorn—
Oh! I'd hurry all in to the feast;
And we'd hail one another,
As sister and brother,
Till the bright sun of hope came to gladden their East.
Oh! they say that great wealth is a curse,
But, what's worse,
My heart is too big for my purse,
Poor purse!

Oh! if I had money galore—in store,
That cottage should ring, from the roof to the floor,
With glad voices of joy from old man and boy—
From age, with her crutch, to the child with his toy.
And the warmth of the heart should melt out the cold
Which they say is the soul and the spirit of gold:
That is—to the mean and cold-hearted.
And our hearts should arise,
To our God in the skies,
Each night when my guests and I parted.
Oh! they say that great wealth is a curse,
But, what's worse—
Far worse,
My heart is too big for my purse,
Poor purse!

Miscellany.

—In a lecture recently delivered at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, the Reverend lecturer gave, under the head of

Manliness of Speech,

this amusing vocabulary of slang:

There are many young men who seem to consider it essential to manliness that they should be masters of slang. Now just listen for a moment to our fast young man, or the ape of a fast young man, who thinks that, to be a man, he must speak in the dark phraseology of slang. If he does any thing on his own responsibility, he does it on his own "hook." If he sees any thing remarkably good, he calls it a "stunner," the superlative of which is a "regular stunner." If a man is requested to pay a tavern bill, he is asked if he will "stand Sam?" If he meets a savage-looking dog, he calls him an "ugly customer." If he meets an eccentric man, he calls him a "rummy old cove." A sensible man is a "chap that is up to snuff." A man not remarkable for good sense is a "cake"—a "flat"—a "spoon"—a "stick"—"his mother does not know he is out." A doubtful assertion is to be "told to the marines." An incredible statement is "all gammon." Our young friend never scolds, but "blows up;" never pays, but "stumps up;" never finds it difficult to pay, but is "hard up;" never feels fatigued, but is "used up." He has no hat, but shelters his head beneath a "tile." He wears no neckcloth, but surrounds his throat with a "choker." He lives nowhere, but there is some place where he "hangs out." He never goes away or withdraws, but he "bolts"—he "slopes"—he "mizzles"—he "makes himself scarce"—he "walks his chalks"—he "makes tracks"—he "cuts his stick"—or what is the same thing, he "cuts his lucky!" The highest compliment you can pay him is to tell him that he is a "regular brick." He does not profess to be brave, but he prides himself on being "plucky." Money is a word which he has forgotten, but he talks a good deal about "tin," and "the needful," "the rhino," and the "ready." When a man speaks, he "spouts;" when he holds his peace, he "shuts up;" when he is humiliated, he is "taken down a peg or two," and "made to sing small." He calls his hands "paws," his legs "pins." To be perplexed, is to be "flummaxed;" to be disappointed, is to be "dished;" to be cheated, is to be "sold;" to be cheated clearly, is to be "done brown." Whatsoever is fine, is "nobby;" whatsoever is shabby, is "seedy;" whatsoever is pleasant, is "jolly." He says, "blessed if he does this," "blowed if he does that," "hanged" if he does the other thing; or he exclaims, "My eye!" "my stars!" If you asked him which were his stars, he would be "flummaxed." Then he swears, "By George!" "by the piper!" on select occasions he selects "the piper that played before Moses!"

—Mr. MacCarthy, an Irish poet, in his "Voyage of St. Brendan," describes, as follows, the

Paradise of Birds:

"Oft in the sunny mornings, have I seen
Bright-yellow birds, of a rich lemon hue,
Meeting in crowds upon the branches green,
And sweetly singing all the morning through;
And others, with their heads grayish and dark,
Pressing their cinnamon cheeks to the old trees,
And striking on the hard, rough, shriveled bark—
Like conscience on a bosom ill at ease.
* * * * * *
And other larger birds with orange cheeks,
A many-colored, painted, chattering crowd,
Prattling forever with their curvèd beaks,
And through the silent woods screaming aloud."

which a wicked reviewer thus

Parodies:

"My grand-aunt had an aviary in Dalkey,
In a back yard behind her mansion set—
There the white cockatoo went talkey, talkey,
To the bright-green and orange parroquet;

And pert cock robins, with breasts red as bricks,
And other warblers yellow as a custard,
Came and sang songs, upon a pile of sticks,
To birds all streaked with feathery lines of mustard."

—This little rhyme is of

Consolation.

There's not a heath, however rude,
But hath some little flower
To brighten up its solitude,
And scent the evening hour.

There's not a heart, however cast
By grief or sorrow down,
But hath some memory of the past
To love and call its own.

—The names of the principal editors, and managers of, and contributors to, the chief London journals are not generally known, even in London. An English "gossip," however, has found himself unable to keep the secret, which he therefore communicates to the reading world, in the hope that it will be there in better keeping. Of the

London Times,

the actual editor is Mr. John Delane; but the person intrusted with the greatest responsibility is the "manager," as he is called, Mr. Mowbray Morris. There are several leader-writers, among whom are Mr. Delane himself; Mr. Dallas, husband of that admirable actress Miss Glyn; Mr. Chenery, who was the correspondent of the journal at Constantinople during the Russian war; Mr. Moseley, etc. The literary reviewer is Mr. Samuel Lucas, the theatrical critic Mr. John Oxenford, the musical critic Mr. J. W. Davison; fine art subjects are treated by Mr. Tom Taylor, a playwright, who edited the autobiography of Haydn, the unfortunate painter; and the city article is written by Mr. Sampson. The heads of the reporting staff are Mr. Woods, who was the Crimean correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, and Mr. J. Macdonald, who will be recollected as the administrator of the *Times* fund at Scutari.

The Daily News

is edited by Mr. W. Weir, a gentleman well known in journalism, and a favorite pupil of the late Mr. Rintoul, of the *Spectator*. The leader-writers are principally barristers of the liberal party, and Miss Harriet Martineau is a constant and esteemed contributor. The literary reviewer is Mr. Arnold; the theatrical critic Mr. Edmund Yates; the musical critic Mr. George Hogarth, the father of Mrs. Dickens.

The principal writers on the *Morning Post* are Mr. Algernon Borthwick, Mr. Dumfy, and Mr. Howard Glover. The author of those wonderful paragraphs descriptive of balls and *fêtes* is Mr. H. Rumsey Foster, the original "Jenkins" of *Punch*.

The political editor of the *Morning Herald* is Mr. G. A. Hamilton, M.P., now Secretary to the Treasury; the general manager is Mr. Morier Evans, formerly second City correspondent of the *Times*.

Punch

is edited by Mr. Mark Lemon, originally keeper of a public house, where the idea of an illustrated comic paper, to be made up by a coterie of jolly spirits who gathered there, was originated. He has since written successfully for the stage, and for various magazines. He now writes nothing for *Punch*, confining himself entirely to his editorial duties. The staff consists of Mr. Shirley Brooks, Mr. Tom Taylor, Mr. Percival Leigh, and Mr. Horace Mayhew. The illustrations are by Mr. Leech and Mr. Tenniel; those signed with a trident are the productions of a Mr. Howard, a pupil of Mr. Leech's. They dine together every Wednesday, and their old comrade, Mr. Thackeray, is frequently one of the party.

Of the Literary Weeklies.

The *Athenæum* is edited by Mr. Hepworth Dixon, and numbers among its contributors Messrs. Chorley, Moy Thomas, Thornbury, Hannay, Doran, and Heraud.

The editor of the *Literary Gazette* is Mr. Lovell Reeve; its most efficient writer Mr. Theodore Martin.

The responsible editor of the *Saturday Review* is Mr. Cooke, who edited the *Morning Chronicle* in its palmy days; and the principal writers are Messrs. Venables, Vernon Harcourt, Merivale, Kingsley, the author of "Alton Locke," Scott, and Robert Bell.

The *Examiner* is under the joint editorship of Mr. Savage, author of "The Bachelor of the Albany," and Mr. Morley, author of "Palissy, the Potter."

The *Leader* is edited by Mr. E. S. Pigott; its principal contributors are Messrs. Thornton, Hunt, and Horace St. John.

Messrs. James Hannay, author of "Singleton Fontenoy," G. A. Sala, author of "A Journey Due North," A. Mayhew, H. S. Edwards, Edmund Yates, and Draper, are the principal members of the staff of the *Illustrated Times*.

Mr. Thackeray is said to receive $1000 a month from Messrs. Bradbury and Evans for the "Virginians."

—The same writer thus describes the person of

Charles Dickens,

who is now reading his Christmas Carol to crowded audiences in London. He is about forty-five years old, rather above the middle height, and of a slight lithe figure: if you did not know who he was, you would take him, at first glance, for some remarkable man; his is a decidedly striking face, rather long and thin, with shaved cheeks, a mustache, and pointed beard. His hair is light brown, long and silky; his forehead broad and high, but his eyes are his most remarkable feature, dark brown in color, and flashing, when he is animated, with extraordinary brilliancy. His voice is deep and sonorous, capable of exquisite modulation, and of expressing the deepest feeling. The pathos which he throws into one short line in the "Carol," where the Cratchit family are mourning their lost child—"The color! Ah! poor Tiny Tim!" can not be described. One slight peculiarity may be noticed, a hissing manner of pronouncing the letter "*s*."

HOOP DE DOODEN DOO.

A FASHIONABLE BALLAD.

Me go to ball de oder night,
De room wid gas was blazing bright,
De gals were dress'd in de fashion's height
Wid de Hoop de dooden doo.

Dere air-tubes dey were so blown out,
Each Miss was as good as a mile about,
De leanest figure she look stout
In de Hoop de dooden doo.

But dere was one dey call de Belle,
As Big as Ben afore he fell;
O Golly! she were such a swell
In de Hoop de dooden doo.

Her dress was white, her sash was red,
She wore a bucket* on her head,
Her neck look like de garden bed—
Hoop de dooden doo.

She stretch so far from left to right,
She cover up a sofy quite,
She put six chairs clean out of sight
Wid de Hoop de dooden doo.

I ask dis gal to hab a dance,
But soon as we begin to prance
The Crinnylean stop our advance:
Hoop de dooden doo.

De garment which dey call de skirt,
It trail behind to catch de dirt,
It trip me up, it gib me hurt:
Hoop de dooden doo.

When I get up de truth I tell her;
Says I, "Miss, you'll excuse a fella,
But I can't dance wid de gig umbrella!"
Hoop de dooden doo.

At dis my joke I laugh Yup! Yup!
She look as though she eat me up,
So den I take her down to sup
In her Hoop de dooden doo.

MORAL.

Now, gals, if you at parties show,
And in de dance would shake de toe,
Not like balloons, but ladies, go:
Hoop de dooden doo.

You tink the Crinnylean de ting,
But your partners it to grief do bring,
It bruise dere leg, it break dere shin—
Dis Hoop de dooden doo.

In polka, waltz, or in quadreel,
Dis child you see he lub to feel
Soft flesh and blood, not bone and steel:
Hoop de dooden doo!

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

We know an old lady, who, when she alludes to the leader of the Mormons, always calls him—either unintentionally or else by a curious jumble of ideas—"Mr. Bigamy Young."

Some one has said of those who die young, that "they are like the lambs which the Alpine shepherds bear in their arms to higher, greener pastures, that the flocks may follow."

That was a very singular mistake made by Digg, at the wedding, who, when introduced to the bride, wished that she might enjoy many returns of the present happy occasion.

Eliza Amherst, a young Parisian lady, resolutely discharged a gentleman to whom she was to have been married because he ridiculed religion. Having given him a gentle reproof, he replied "that a man of the world could not be so old-fashioned as to regard God and religion." Eliza started, but on recovering herself, she said: "From this moment, Sir, when I discover you do not love and honor God, I cease to be yours. He who does not love God can never love his wife constantly and sincerely."

Colonel Benton, in speaking of Congressional matters, said he never "paired off" but once in his life, and that was with a young woman, whom he married.

* Bouquet?—Ed.

Dr. I. H. Mount, in the upper part of the State of New Jersey, lost his wife, and thereupon set out to *repair* the loss by getting another. He was very contemptuously rejected by a smart young lady of the village in which he resided, but finally married another. The first one composed the following epitaph, which is ready for the Doctor's tombstone whenever he follows his labors:

"This monument posterity raises,
O'er one whose head was red as blazes;
Before he died, for many a year
The town he lighted far and near;
And if a neighbor did desire
To boil a kettle without fire,
Rumor, best of authority, said,
They hung it over the Doctor's head.
At length this lovely man did die—
He left the world—we know not why.
For head and foot they purchased stones,
To show where rest his weary bones,
Of '*Varmount*' marble, as 'tis seen,
For he, like that, was *streaked* with *green*:
A sun-flower blossoms on his grave,
And fragrant flowers o'er it wave,
And to the sun their fond looks cast,
As he to girls in days long past.
His obsequies were done all right;
He's out of mind and out of sight;
United to his partner fair
And little Marietta Clair."

A Vicksburg correspondent writes: "Not long ago Jack Brandon was arraigned before the Circuit Court of Warren County, Mississippi, on a charge of assault and battery on the person of Sam Burgess, who had lately made his appearance in the neighborhood as an itinerant vendor of notions and other small ware. Sam detailed at length the circumstances which led to the affray, and concluded his evidence with the following philosophic reflection:

"'The way they do things in this country is considerably different from what I was accustomed to in Connecticut. *There*, if a man called you a liar, you called him a liar back agin, and that was the end on it. But down *here*, if you call a man a liar, he knocks you down, and commences hurtin' on you.'

"The Court instructed the jury that the Connecticut custom was not in force in Mississippi; and this instruction, coupled with an insinuation by the defendant's counsel that the prosecuting witness was probably an abolitionist, led to a speedy verdict of 'Not Guilty.'"

"Belle Britain" is down on artificial head-dresses, as worn by some ladies she has met with. She writes like a sensible woman. If she was a man, she could not be more correct in her opinion. She says: "There is no ornament for the head of a woman like the 'natural glory' of a clean, soft, simply-arranged head of hair. If I were a man, I should almost feel as if I would like to put my hand on such a head, smooth it, pet it, kiss it, and ask a blessing on it. But a huge mass of braided conceits, stuck full of pins and artificial flowers, looking like a spread-eagle in front, and a spread-peacock behind, smelling of grease and curling-tongs—ugh!"

In another family, not far from us, a little one of four years was worrying and teasing her amiable mother greatly, and for once exhausted her patience. "Grace! Grace! if I had not the baby in my arms I would whip you." "There's Isabelle (the nurse), give her to her!" That child knew her mother's amiability, and had not much fear of chastisement.

Farmer Downs was out in his orchard the other day, and was taken all aback by seeing his bull rushing down upon him full tilt. The farmer took to his heels, for there was no time to pause and reason the matter with the beast, who had never made such an onset on any body before. On the good man ran or flew to reach the fence, but the enemy in his rear caught him on his horns as he reached it, and gave him a toss that plumped him into the dirt on the other side. The bull was mad with rage at having placed a barrier between him and his prey, and tore up the earth with his horns and hoofs. Old Downs rose from the ground, and, turning upon his foe, cried out, "Oh, you rascal, you needn't stand there, bowing and scraping and making apologies; you done it a purpose, you know you did!"

A Georgia correspondent says he has just received the following order in the "dry-goods" line:

"Mr. Fletcher pleas tape this beelt bak & Sen me arribbon won read ore bloo. if youe haint got that coller dont send non, if you send me eny pleas dont seu me airy enruber won. And sen me ayearde of that calecow that I got when I was doun thair if you hav eny of hit. I will cum down en a fue days and sea you.
from samantha barber
to Mr fletcher & younge

But the next, from Louisiana, beats the above.

The "document" inclosed is from a Southwestern Judge. It is in his own proper "*hand of write*," unaltered in a single syllable, letter, point, or mark. If you could only *print* the *writing* it would be appreciated.

"There is one Points on Which I Shall Charge the Jury on To which I wish To Call your attentions before the Argument it is this If A Hola a Priveledge on Property of B—— & B. Sells it To C. & C. Gives his notes to B—— & Transfers. C notes to A. & A. Pursues his Prevelege & Sells the Property in the Hanas of the Purchaser C. & it Doeus not. Pay the Price. Can See Refuse To Pay His notes if So to what Extent

We had all just returned from a picnic out in the country. My friend E——, who is a little too fond of a toddy, had not omitted to take several on this occasion. On our return home E—— was met by the witty and sprightly Miss H——, who inquired how he had enjoyed the day. "Very much," he answered; "but that he had been badly dusted in his buggy coming home, and he now felt *like he had a turnpike in his throat*, and that he did not like so great an encumbrance without the usual *dividends*." Miss H—— replied, that if he would only charge toll for all the drinks that *went* down the road, and all the nonsense that *come* over it, he would soon realize a fortune!

An attorney before a bench of magistrates, a short time ago, told the bench, with great gravity,

"That he had two witnesses in court, in behalf of his client, and they would be sure to speak the truth—for he had no opportunity to communicate with them!"

"Can you tell me, Bill, how it is that a rooster always keeps his feathers sleek and smooth?"

"No," said Bill.

"Well, he always carries his comb with him."

A lady, complaining how rapidly time stole away, said, "Alas! I am near forty."

Scarron, who was present, and knew her age, said,

"Do not fret about it, madame, for you will get further and further from that frightful epoch every day."

Voltaire had an actor named Paulin, at Ferney, who played the tyrant in his private theatricals. Voltaire slept very little, and passed half the night in making changes in his pieces. About three o'clock one morning, having thought of a new speech for Paulin, he woke up his servant, and ordered him to carry it to the actor.

"But, Sir," said the servant, "the poor man isn't up at this time!"

"Go to him," cried the poet, "immediately; tyrants never sleep."

Satire is an ugly weapon in the work of reform. It tears asunder, it cauterizes, it blisters. No one is really made better by it. The one assailed, though he may fear the sting, will never be better through its application, though he may seem so. A satirist lives all the time in boiling water.

The following epitaph may be found upon a tombstone in Connecticut:

"Here lies cut down like unripe fruit,
The wife of Deacon Amos Shute;
She died of drinking too much coffee,
Anny Dominy eighteen forty."

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, June* 21, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets opened more firmly, but closed heavily for Flour, Wheat, and Corn. Early in the week a good demand prevailed for home use, shipment, and on speculation, which had the effect of advancing prices. Toward the close the inquiry was mainly for the supply of the immediate wants of home dealers, and as holders appeared to be eager to sell, buyers had any existing advantage. Rye was scarce and dearer.... Cotton has been more sought after, and it has improved ¼ @ ⅜ c. per pound in price....Pork, Oatmeal and Lard were freely offered, at drooping rates, yet the sales were not very extensive....Beef was in fair request at full quotations....Coffee, Teas, and Sugars were more liberally dealt in, the latter at strengthening prices....Rice was salable and firm....The trade in Dry Goods is restricted, the sales now making being chiefly to near by and local retailers. Silks and Cottons are held with more firmness. Linens and Woolens continue depressed. The week's imports of Dry Goods amounted to $743,138 against $1,125,902 the corresponding week in 1857. The imports since the 1st of January have been $20,922,634 against $44,155,472, same time in 1857. The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$3 85	@	$4 10
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	3 85	@	4 15
Extra Western Flour, per barrel......	4 10	@	7 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel...	4 25	@	6 50
Super to Extra Canadian, per barrel ..	4 15	@	5 20
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel ..	4 50	@	7 50
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl..	3 00	@	3 40
Corn Meal, per barrel...............	3 50	@	3 90
White Wheat, per bushel..............	1 00	@	1 35
Red Wheat, per bushel	80	@	1 10
Corn, per bushel	72	@	79
Rye, per bushel	71	@	71½
Barley, per bushel...................	50	@	60
Western Oats, per bushel	45	@	46
State Oats, per bushel...............	44	@	45
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel....	39	@	43
Southern Oats, per bushel............	34	@	39
Cotton, middlings, per pound.........	12½	@	12½
Mess Pork, per barrel................	16 85	@	—
Prime Pork, per barrel...............	13 75	@	13 80
Country Mess Beef, per barrel........	10 75	@	11 50
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce..........	18 00	@	22 00
Beef Hams, per barrel	15 00	@	17 50
Cut Meats, per pound.................	5½	@	7½
Lard, per pound......................	10½	@	11
State Butter, per pound..............	12	@	22
Western Butter, per pound............	10	@	17
Cheese, per pound....................	4	@	8
Rice, per 100 pounds.................	3 00	@	3 75
Rio Coffee, per pound................	9½	@	11½
Cuba Sugar, per pound	5	@	7½
Cuba Molasses, per gallon............	22	@	28
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	5	@	7½
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	36	@	37
Hyson Teas, per pound	27	@	55
Oolong Teas, per pound...............	27	@	60
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	—	@	23½

Freights have been more active, at, however, irregular rates. For Liverpool—Cotton, 7-32d. @ ¼d. per pound; Flour, 1s. 6d. per barrel; Grain, 4½d. @ 5d. per bushel; Rosin, 1s. 9d. @ 2s. per barrel; Beef, 3s. @ 3s. 6d. per tierce; and Heavy Goods, 17s. 6d. @ 25s. per ton. For other ports proportionate rates. The total number of vessels of all classes in port on Saturday was 716.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were firmer for Beeves, though the demand was not brisk....A somewhat better inquiry prevailed for Milch Cows at unchanged rates....Veal Calves were in demand, and were quoted a shade dearer.....Sheep and Lambs were in request at, however, irregular prices....Swine were plentier and cheaper, yet not active....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compares as follows:

	Week ending *June* 9.	Week ending *June* 16.
Beeves....................	2,806	3,015
Milch Cows	111	132
Veal Calves...............	1,080	1,021
Sheep and Lambs	6,638	7,087
Swine	8,655	6,561

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Illinois	1328	New York...........	77
Ohio	465	Iowa................	71
Kentucky..........	322	Indiana............	47
Pennsylvania	162		

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound ..	$ 8	@	$ 10½
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head.	20 00	@	60 00
Veal Calves, per pound	4	@	6½
Sheep and Lambs, per head..........	3 00	@	6 50
" " per pound.........	5	@	8
Live Swine, per pound...............	4	@	4½
Dressed " "	5	@	6
Roasting Pigs, each..................	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets have not been quite as brisk during the week. Strawberries and Gooseberries have been more freely offered at reduced prices. The demand is good, especially for the former. Cherries are scarce, as are also Watermelons and Squashes. New Potatoes are plentier and cheaper. New Turnips, new Carrots, and new Cabbage, have been received, chiefly from New Jersey. Cucumbers are in from the South, as well as Tomatoes and Green Peas from New Jersey. Onions are in better supply. Poultry is in fair supply, while Game is rather sparingly offered. A slight decline has occurred in Fowl and Ducks. Wild and Wild Squab Pigeons are dearer. The demand is restricted.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, dried, per pound.............	$ 5	@	$ 6
Peaches, dried, per pound	—	@	20
Plums, dried, per pound.............	18	@	19
Strawberries, per basket	2	@	6
Gooseberries, per bushel............	1 75	@	2 00
Cherries, per pound	7	@	12
Currants, per quart..................	4	@	7
Beans, per bushel....................	1 00	@	1 75
Potatoes, old, per barrel............	1 25	@	2 75
" new, per barrel	3 00	@	5 00
Onions, new, per barrel.............	4 00	@	4 50
Turnips, new, per 100 bunches	2 00	@	4 00
Beets, new, per dozen bunches	1 25	@	—
New Carrots, per bushel.............	1 75	@	2 00
Cabbage, new, per 100................	5 00	@	7 00
Watermelons, each	30	@	40
Asparagus, per dozen bunches	1 25	@	2 50
Cauliflowers, per dozen.............	1 25	@	3 50
Radishes, per 100 bunches...........	75	@	1 25
Spinach, per barrel..................	62½	@	—
Green Peas, per barrel	1 50	@	2 50
Tomatoes, per basket.................	4 50	@	5 00
Cucumbers, per barrel................	7 00	@	8 50
Eggs, per dozen	9	@	13
Chickens, per pair...................	62½	@	1 25
Fowls, per pound.....................	10	@	12
Fowls, per pair......................	62	@	87
Turkeys, per pound...................	10	@	16
Pigeons, per dozen	1 00	@	—

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, June* 21, 1858.

THE foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending June 19, 1858	$2,456,238....	$1,732,439
Corresponding week, 1857	4,214,790....	1,954,659
Decrease.............	$1,758,552	$222,220

Of specie the movement was an export of $68,000 only, and an absorption by the Sub-Treasury of some three millions in exchange for Treasury Notes. It is thus likely that the banks will this evening exhibit an average of specie below thirty-two millions. Money is unchanged in value; discounts at five per cent. are quite common. Exchange closed on Saturday at 109 @ 109½.

In stocks there has been but little done. The quarrel between the Central and Erie has indisposed people to touch any securities whose value may be destroyed by speculative stock-jobbing movements. The following has been the course of the exchange for the week:

COURSE OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE FOR THE WEEK.

New York Central	82@80½@82½@82
New York and Erie	17½@16@17½@17½
Reading	42½@43@45@44½
Rock Island.........................	72½@70@72@71½
Michigan Southern...................	22½@20@21½
Preferred	43½@41@43
Illinois Central....................	85@82@83
Panama	109½@109@109½
Pacific Mail........................	75½@79@76
Hudson	26½@25½@27
Galena	85@82@84½
Missouris	87@86½@87½
Virginias	95@95@95
Tennessees	93@93½@93½
La Crosse Land Grants	30@31@33
Toledo	34½@32@33
Milwaukee and Mississippi	21½@19½@20
La Crosse...........................	6½@6½@7
Delaware and Hudson	98½@99@100

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NAHANT HOUSE.

SEASON OF 1858.

THIS spacious Summer Hotel—LOCATED ON THE ROMANTIC PROMONTORY OF NAHANT, IN MASSACHUSETTS BAY—will be conducted the present season as heretofore, on a liberal scale in all respects, combining the luxury of sumptuous entertainment with the genuine comforts of a quiet home.

To meet the demands of modern tastes, and for the better accommodation of families, MEALS WILL BE SERVED AT PRIVATE TABLES AT ALL HOURS; thereby avoiding the disagreeable formalities and confusion of a crowded *table d'hote.*

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